

President McKinley

Gives an interesting interview in to-morrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch. Practical, helpful, entertaining.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

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SATURDAY EVENING—ST. LOUIS—JANUARY 22, 1898.

PRICE In St. Louis, One Cent. Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

William J. Bryan

Writes of his recent journey to Mexico for to-morrow's Sunday Post-Dispatch. A great story!

AN AGED RECLUSE
BURNED TO DEATH.

Rev. T. W. B. Dawson Perished in the Flames That Consumed His Lonely Hut Near Troy, Ill., Friday Night.

Had Been a Baptist Clergyman and School Teacher in Madison County for Half a Century.

C. E. Ritcher, Secretary of the Wyler Brokerage Co., arrived at St. Louis at noon today with news that Rev. T. W. B. Dawson, an aged recluse, widely known in Central Illinois, was burned to death in his cottage near Troy, Ill., Friday night.

All that remained of the queer little hermit was found in the ruins of his house Saturday morning and taken to the home of his son, T. W. B. Dawson, Jr., at Clay and Market streets, Troy.

Rev. Dawson was once pastor of the Baptist Church of Troy, and was for many years a teacher in public schools in and around that town.

For nearly 20 years he had lived the life of a hermit in his cottage just outside the eastern limits of the town on the Troy and St. Jacobs road.

He was active in mind and body, despite his 83 years, and for half a century occupied the same seat in the little Baptist church at Troy every Sunday.

Friday night, shortly before 9 o'clock, residents of Troy saw a light in the sky east of town.

E. S. Donohoe started to the fire from his home on Center street. After walking half a mile, without apparently approaching any nearer to the fire, Mr. Donohoe concluded it was farther away than he had thought and returned home.

Saturday morning a party from Troy went in the direction where they had observed the light.

The cottage was a heap of smoldering embers. The body of Rev. Dawson was found under a pile of debris at the west end of the ruins. It was burned almost beyond recognition.

The house in which the reverend hermit met his terrible death was a story and a half frame with a gable roof. It had once been white, but time had changed its hue to a dull gray. It had been the old man's home for years before he became a recluse.

He lived there with his wife until her death, 20 years ago.

He was a man of strong intellect and a great student in his younger days. In recent years his peculiarities caused comment and made him widely talked about for miles around.

He arrived at Troy in 1848, a newly ordained Baptist minister, and took charge of the little church, which was then the only house of worship in the town. Two years later he resigned and became the teacher of the village school. Many of the old residents of Central Illinois were grounded in the three Rs by "Father" Dawson, as he was affectionately called. When a public school system was inaugurated in Troy he took charge of the first school established and was a teacher at various times throughout Madison County.

Thirty years ago he bought a 40-acre farm and built the house in which he was burned to death Friday night.

After the death of his wife, in 1878, he was a changed man. He became self-centered, avoiding others except when he went to church on Sundays. He had always been a great student. After the change came he was more devoted to his books than ever and spent much of his income from his farm for literature. He accumulated a splendid library, which was destroyed with his life and his house.

Twenty years ago the old man, who had been a staunch Baptist all his life, started the good citizens of Troy by announcing a change of faith. He had been reading the literature of the Second Day Adventists. One Sunday, in the little Baptist Church, he announced that he believed with the Adventists that Saturday should be observed as the Sabbath. He would so observe it, though he proposed to live and die a Baptist.

After that the little old man passed his Saturdays in seclusion and prayer. He continued to attend the Baptist Church on Sunday.

In 1890 he leaped into prominence by prophesying the end of the world. He sent broadcast and was widely discussed at the time, especially by Second Day Adventists.

As far as the aged hermit was concerned his prophecy was fulfilled. Within the appointed time his little world, his home, his books, his life were destroyed by fire. When faced to face with death the awful danger that threatened him may have had no terrors for the queer old man. It was for him the coming of the millennium.

In recent years the old man, on the few occasions when he talked to anyone, told queer tales of visions which appeared to him in his cottage. On other points his mind was normal, but he became highly indignant when his stories about the visions were questioned.

Rev. Dawson would have been 89 years old next month. He was a weakened little man, 5 feet in height. His hair was white and he kept his face smooth-shaven. The conclusion was so great that it caused a perceptible vibration of the air. The fire was directed at first upon the cottage, and was at first supposed to be an earthquake.

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BESIEGED BY
THE OTHER MAN.

Mrs. Smith-Thompson Sends no Presents Back AND TROUBLE FOLLOWS HER.

SHE HAD PROMISED TO MARRY JOHN HANNAN, BUT LEARNED THAT HE WAS MARRIED.

SO SHE CHANGED TO THOMPSON

Her Cottage at Newport Surrounded by Police and Hired Detectives Employed by Hannan.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. NEWPORT, N. Y., Jan. 22.—Joseph H. Thompson, Jr., of New York and Mrs. Charles T. Smith of Newport were married in Grace Chapel, New York, a week ago Thursday.

John H. Hannan of Brooklyn was the disappointed suitor—a very demonstrative suitor. Hence the biggest scandal the town has had since New York's "40" went to town in the fall.

And this moral, if not legal, question is sprung: "Has a rejected suitor the right to his presents, riding and real estate, even if he is a married man rich and fashionable?"

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson arrived in Newport the day after their marriage, and went to the Conkling cottage, on Tour Park. Mr. Hannan arrived here later, and after visiting the office of a lawyer, went to the city detectives' office. From that time until last night the Conkling cottage has been practically in a state of siege, watched by the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, a special policeman, two out-of-town detectives, and, occasionally, Mr. Hannan.

The constant vigil caused comment on the streets, and many were out of their way to see the sleuths. Things reached a climax when the guard refused to allow any one to enter the house, except the physician and counsel for Mr. Thompson.

As to the cause of these extraordinary proceedings, there are many conflicting stories. One story is that Mrs. Smith expected to marry Mr. Hannan and received from him, directly or indirectly, many valuable presents, including a house in New York. Later, it is alleged, she learned that Mr. Hannan was a married man, and so she married Thompson, who had long been a suitor.

Mr. Hannan's further action is said to have been due to a desire to recover his gifts in whole or part, and the recipient thereof did not see him. The conclusion was so great that it caused a perceptible vibration of the air. The fire was directed at first upon the cottage, and was at first supposed to be an earthquake.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—At the residence of Mr. Hannan in Brooklyn, his son said Mr. Hannan had gone to Boston on business several days ago and had not yet returned. He appeared much surprised at the report from Newport and denied any knowledge of the affair. He said he did not know Joseph H. Thompson, Jr., or Mrs. Thompson. He added he still lived in the same house and the relations between his parents were all that could be desired.

FIVE YEARS' WAGES

Awarded Lizzie Lay for Twenty-Five Years' Service as a Domestic.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. PANA, Ill., Jan. 22.—In the County Court here to-day Miss Lizzie Lay was awarded judgment for \$1000 against the estate of Sanford McNutt, deceased. She had been employed as a domestic in his family for 25 years.

SHOWER OF METEORIC STONES.

Phenomenon That Startled a Section of Idaho.

DUBOISE, Idaho, Jan. 22.—It is reported that a large meteor, followed by a shower of meteoric stones, fell near the big sand butte about twenty miles southeast of Dubois. Some sheep herders who were only about a mile from the scene say that the shock was terrific and that a dense cloud of smoke hovered over the buttes for the remainder of the day. The conclusion was so great that it caused a perceptible vibration of the air. The fire was directed at first upon the cottage, and was at first supposed to be an earthquake.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. VICKSBURG, Miss., Jan. 22.—Maj. Startling, engineer in charge of the Lower Mississippi levee district, wired Gov. McLaughlin from Greenville, asking for State convicts to work on the levees in the upper delta. The Governor stated in reply that all State convicts had been leased to private persons to close the crevasses made during the last flood. The rapid rise in the river is causing the greatest apprehension in the delta.

THE WEATHER FORECAST.

COLDER—RAIN OR SNOW.

For St. Louis and vicinity—Colder Saturday night, with rain, possibly turning to snow; Sunday partly cloudy.

For Missouri—Snow and colder Saturday night; Sunday fair.

For Illinois—Snow in the north; rain, turning to snow, in the south portion Saturday night; Sunday colder; Saturday night; clearing and colder.

Another storm has moved up from the Rio Grande valley and covers the Mississippi and extreme Lower Missouri valleys, with its center in Arkansas. It has caused general rains and rain from the middle and southern slopes eastward into the Ohio Valley, with heavy rain and thunder storms in Arkansas and Tennessee.

A second marked low area is also central in Alberta.

The temperatures have risen in the Dakotas, the Lower Lake region and the South, and have generally fallen elsewhere, except in Missouri and the Middle West.

POST-DISPATCH THERMOMETER.

7 a. m. 42 11 a. m. 47

8 a. m. 42 12 m. 42

9 a. m. 42 1 p. m. 42

10 a. m. 42

A CITY FULL OF UNHAPPY BOYS.

Indianapolis has adopted a Curfew ordinance. At 9 o'clock at night the police whistles are blown, and after that hour any boy found on the streets is liable to arrest.



In Indiana, at the home Of Whitcomb Riley, bard, From whose immense and thoughtful dome Run poems by the yard. They've made a rule that will increase Wee Johnnie's cares and woes: He'll have to seek his home in peace Whenever the whistle blows.

MR. GLADSTONE DECLINING.

Expresses Weariness of Life on Account of Pain.

CANNES, Jan. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone drove out at noon to-day. Mrs. Gladstone was helped down the steps into a carriage by a nurse and valet. Mr. Gladstone wore a thick overcoat with the collar turned up and a soft hat exposing the cheeks and eyes. He descended the steps in the slowest manner, leaning heavily upon a stick and using the balustrade, and was lifted into the carriage. Then he was wrapped in furs. The alarming rumors of yesterday regarding Mr. Gladstone's health were further confirmed to-day. He is extremely weak and so debilitated as a result of neuralgic pains that he expressed a desire that all were over.

SHOWER OF METEORIC STONES.

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LEVEES IN DANGER.

The Governor of Mississippi Appealed to for Help.

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PUMMELED BY
TWO BIG MEN.

H. D. Forse's Experience in the Equitable Building.

ABE GOULD STRUCK HIM.

HE WAS DISTRIBUTING CARDS AND CARNATIONS IN BUSINESS OFFICES.

ORDERED TO LEAVE THE PLACE.

Was Obeying When Mr. Gould Took Some Flowers—He Resented This and Received Blows From Gould and Mr. Wheeler.

Howard D. Forse is 29 years old, weighs about 120 pounds and works for his living. He was assaulted in the corridor of the Equitable Building Saturday morning by Abram Gould, purchasing agent for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and H. H. Wheeler, manager of the building. Mr. Gould is a brother of the late Jay Gould.

Messrs. Gould and Wheeler are both large men, their combined weight being in the neighborhood of 400 pounds. Each of these men struck the 120-pound young man two stunning blows in the face and threw him into the street.

When he demanded protection of a policeman stationed there the guardian of the peace wanted to arrest Forse and would have done so had not Wheeler objected. Then the officer told the young man to move on or he would take him in any how.

Young Forse is a member of the "Push Your Business" Co., headquarters at 274 North Third street. The business of the company is to distribute samples, cards, etc.

"I had been at work in the Equitable Building," Forse told a reporter, "and had finished the fifth floor without incident. I was distributing cards for a restaurant company and was giving a carnation with each card. I had a small colored boy with me, carrying a basket containing the flowers."

"After I had finished the fifth floor I went to the sixth floor. I was giving a carnation to a man when I was struck by Mr. Gould. He asked what I was doing. I told him and also told him that I had permission of the elevator men to distribute the cards and flowers. Mr. Wheeler told me he would not allow me to work in the building. He informed me that he was the manager and wanted to know if I would respect his authority. I replied that I would."

"I got in the elevator with Mr. Wheeler. He colored boy with his flowers was also in the elevator. When we reached the ground floor I found that I had left my basket in the elevator."

HEAVY SNOW TO-NIGHT.

Weather Bureau Promises a Carpet of the Beautiful.

Weather Forecast Official Frankfort issued the following bulletin Saturday noon: "There will be a heavy fall of snow in St. Louis to-night."

This is the first time this season such a decided prognostication has been made. The weather men say street railway officials should make ready.

SNOWSTORM IN KANSAS.

Falling Rapidly and Extends Over Wide Territory.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. ATCHISON, Kan., Jan. 22.—Missouri Pacific reports are that a snowstorm prevails from Omaha to Atchison and as far West as Downs, Kan., 200 miles in the interior of the State. The snow was five inches deep at 11 a. m. and still falling rapidly.

HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

General Winter Storm Throughout Western Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 22.—The heaviest snowstorm of the season is in progress to-day. It began snowing last night and continued throughout the night and is still coming down, with no immediate prospect of stopping.

The snow is general throughout Kansas and Western Missouri and will be of much benefit to farmers.

BAD LITTLE WILLIE HILL.

He Steals Anything He Sees and Happens to Want.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 22.—Willie Hill, the 12-year-old horse-thief, who has been in jail a dozen times within two years for various offenses, was arrested again for robbing a store at Leaf River, he being caught on the way home in the night with a quantity of stolen goods in his pockets. This is his fourth arrest; the winter and second within a week.

WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.

THE FIRST TO ENTER THE POLITICAL FIELD IN MACON COUNTY.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. MACON, Mo., Jan. 22.—The first woman in this county to attempt to take advantage of the Supreme Court's decision authorizing women to hold office in Missouri is Miss Edna G. Johnson, at present a successful teacher in the intermediate department of the public school at Atlanta. She announces herself in local papers this week as independent candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk, and her handbills are being distributed widely by the young lady's friends also. Miss Johnson is about 22, was born in Tonia, La. Salle County, Ill., and came here with her parents in 1884. She taught school in Sallibury, Charlton County, two years and has worked in the Post-office here. Through the efforts of herself and sister, a handsome home in this city has recently been purchased for their parents. Miss Johnson is bright, pleasant and thoroughly businesslike. She will make an interesting fight for the office, which the heavy legal work of this county makes a secularly important one.

MISS EDNA G. JOHNSON.

Thoroughly businesslike. She will make an interesting fight for the office, which the heavy legal work of this county makes a secularly important one.

"A special officer came down later and inquired into the matter, but he went away without making any arrests."



HOUSE IN WHICH REV. DAWSON WAS BURNED.

ARMENIAN PERSECUTIONS.

Many of Them Arrested and Several Thousand Expelled.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 22.—There is great uneasiness at Van, where the police are making a house-to-house search for a man named Deroyan, a revolutionist from the Caucasus. Many Armenians have been arrested and several thousand of them have been expelled. The Armenian Bishop has resigned, owing to the fruitlessness of his intervention in behalf of his co-religionists.

IS NOW A MILLIONAIRE.

A Missouri Newspaper Man Heir to a Fortune.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Jan. 22.—Dwight B. Newberry, a newspaper man of this city, and author of Maconic publications, has received a notification to pursue a claim held by himself and relatives to a large English estate, which has been in litigation for years. Originally the property involved amounted in value to \$75,000, and now it has added to it by the accumulation of British banking compound interest an amount that will swell it up into the millions.

Gov. Tanner's Trip.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 22.—Gov. Tanner and Mrs. Tanner and party leave for Hot Springs at 4 p. m. The party includes Col. and Mrs. John W. Gath, Col. and Mrs. John Drake, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Peters, Iron D. L. Litter, H. J. Hamilton, Springfield. They will remain a week.

BOYCE OUT OF SIGHT.

He Was at Cincinnati at a Critical Time for Hanna.

TALKED OVER THE PHONE.

HIS CONVERSATIONS WERE TAKEN DOWN AND ARE IN EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM.

THE OHIO BRIBERY INQUIRY.

Some Interesting Facts Are Being Gathered by the Committee Which Went to Cincinnati for Evidence.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 22.—The Legislative Committee arrived from Columbus yesterday continued its investigation to-day of the Ohio charges of bribery in the recent election of United States Senator. Representative Otis, who resides here, and who made the charges, was not present.

Some very interesting testimony was developed last night. It is charged in the resolution adopted yesterday by the committee of the Ohio Legislature that a Mr. Boyce of New York came to the Gibson House in this city a few days before the election for United States Senator began at Columbus, and made a proposition of bribery to Representative Otis. Boyce stopped at the Gibson House. The members of the committee and others spent some time in the evening examining the telephone used by Boyce and other scenes, including the apartments occupied by Boyce when he was in the city.

It is charged by members of the committee that Boyce fled from this city Monday, Jan. 16, and that he cannot now be located, although the committee has exhausted its resources in trying to secure his attendance as a witness.

The committee witnessed quite a telephone exhibition before an assembly of the Great Southern Hotel at Columbus (which was the headquarters of the anti-Hanna men during the recent contest) was taking in the private office of the Gibson House with parties in Columbus, Jerry Bliss and his stenographer were at the phone downstairs in the hotel office taking down all of that was said. This was done to show how all of the conversations of Boyce with certain parties in Columbus were taken down, while Boyce was here and the Senatorial contest was going on at the State Capitol.

It is alleged that the conversations were taken down and are in evidence in the Gibson House are all on the same circuit.

Horace B. Dunbar, President and Manager of the Gibson House, was the 2nd witness examined last night. Mr. Dunbar was on the witness stand during the meeting and produced his hotel register showing that Henry H. Boyce of New York occupied room 28 from the 10th to the 16th of January, 1895, concerning the election of Senator Hanna.

Allen O. Meyers, one of the clerks, arranged for a stenographic report of the conversations that Boyce had over the phone during the day. Russell Pryor, the night clerk, took down the conversations at night. Boyce had a room in the private office on the second floor whenever he wanted it, and the arrangements downstairs always were complete for him. Whatever went over the phone wires, the stenographer who had a desk in the office was called into requisition whenever Boyce called anyone up.

Mr. Dunbar related many of these conversations over the long-distance phone. In one of them, the "Major" was called up at Columbus and said: "Shane and the President will arrange things on Saturday." Boyce replied: "I will be in town on Saturday." "Suppose O. betrays you; what then?" Mr. Dunbar said that Boyce replied: "No danger; I would kill him. Dead men tell no tales."

Mr. Dunbar testified that Allen O. Meyers, Jr., who was in Columbus as one of the managers against Hanna, was called upon Friday night, Jan. 7, by Jerry Bliss and told of the situation here and what Boyce was doing. Meyers advised Bliss that a man named J. H. Hollenbeck would leave Columbus for Cincinnati that night with money, and to have him watched. The next morning the Miller Detective Agency was employed to watch Boyce and keep track of Hollenbeck on his arrival in Cincinnati.

Jan. 8, H. H. Hollenbeck of Chardon, O., registered at the Gibson for breakfast. A man was needed to him, but he was seen to communicate with Boyce.

The next name on the register to that of Hollenbeck was E. H. Archer, Columbus, O., Deputy Railroad Commissioner. Mr. Dunbar showed the committee the register with all these names and stated that Mr. T. J. Mulvihill, one of the leading Democratic managers of this city, pointed out Hollenbeck to him and to the detectives.

They watched all the movements of Hollenbeck and traced him to the Union Trust and Savings Bank, of which J. G. Schmiedel is president. There he was seen at the different places of meeting, as charged by Representative Otis.

While Hollenbeck did not remain in Cincinnati, Boyce was here Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. At the suggestion of Jerry Bliss, Dunbar had the housekeeper and chambermaids watch the movements around room 28. Dunbar said that he had been here representing the President, and complained about detectives being put into his room and about being watched in room 28. After paying his bill, Dunbar said he wanted to win some money to bet on Hanna.

Representatives Rutan, Spillmeyer and Kennedy of the Ohio investigating committee were present this morning with Senators Burke, Long, Robinson, Fink and Garfield during the examination. Senator J. J. Sullivan is here with Attorneys Daugherty and Hulse, representing the defense. It has been stated that Sullivan's right to vote in the Senate on the report will be questioned on the ground that he has been an attorney in the case. Senator Sullivan said if he is disqualified Senators Burke and the Democratic members of the committee will be disqualified on the same ground and no report can be adopted.

Horace B. Dunbar, President and Manager of the Gibson House, who was examined yesterday, produced further records showing that Henry H. Boyce of New York, H. H. Hollenbeck of Chardon, O., E. H. Archer, Columbus, J. P. Bliss of Columbus and others connected on both sides with the Senatorial contest were guests at the Gibson House from Jan. 7 to 10. Mr. Dunbar testified that on Jan. 7, H. H. Boyce had used the private phone while the clerks had the conversation taken down from the telephone in the general office downstairs.

SCHEMERS SUCCEEDED

SENATOR WHITE'S ELECTION AS CHAIRMAN WAS A SLAP AT FREE SILVER.

IT WAS WORKED BY CROKER.

Bailey and Gorman Aided Him and the Texan May Have Some Explaining to Do at Home.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Richard Croker, aided by his able lieutenant, Senator Gorman, has secured the election of Senator White of California as Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

Senator White is not an ardent silver man. Prior to the Chicago convention he was opposed to free coinage and now believes that other issues are more important. Mr. Croker was aided in his successful scheme to select the head of the committee which will manage for the Democrats the coming Congressional campaign by Representative Bailey of Texas, leader of the Democrats in the House. Mr. Bailey wants to be Speaker, in the event that the next House is Democratic.

A personal friend of Mr. Croker came and had a consultation with Mr. Bailey. After this Mr. White announced that he would accept the place.

Representative Bailey's record is not that of an enthusiastic free silver man. He repudiated the Chicago platform and refused to support the ticket until his constituents compelled him to do so.

He has now indicated a return to his former position by joining Mr. Croker's Democratic club. He presumably endorses the announcement that the organization will assist in maintaining a sound money standard.

Senator Gorman also saved Mr. Croker's candidacy for secretary of the committee by shrewd political strategy.

Lawrence Gardner is highly regarded by both Richard Croker and William C. Whitney. He has been a lifelong advocate of the gold standard. It became evident that his election as secretary could not be accomplished.

Through Gorman's efforts it was decided that the appointment of a Secretary and other officials of the committee should be left to Chairman White. This action saved Gardner.

Senator White will wait until the war against Gardner has somewhat subsided, and then name him as Secretary.

While Mr. Bailey, through his alliance with Croker, expects to gain the support of the Northern Sound Money Democrats in his candidacy for the Speakership, he will hazard his own seat and invite the antagonism of free silver members.

The committee witnessed quite a telephone exhibition before an assembly of the Great Southern Hotel at Columbus (which was the headquarters of the anti-Hanna men during the recent contest) was taking in the private office of the Gibson House with parties in Columbus, Jerry Bliss and his stenographer were at the phone downstairs in the hotel office taking down all of that was said. This was done to show how all of the conversations of Boyce with certain parties in Columbus were taken down, while Boyce was here and the Senatorial contest was going on at the State Capitol.

It is alleged that the conversations were taken down and are in evidence in the Gibson House are all on the same circuit.

Horace B. Dunbar, President and Manager of the Gibson House, was the 2nd witness examined last night. Mr. Dunbar was on the witness stand during the meeting and produced his hotel register showing that Henry H. Boyce of New York occupied room 28 from the 10th to the 16th of January, 1895, concerning the election of Senator Hanna.

Allen O. Meyers, one of the clerks, arranged for a stenographic report of the conversations that Boyce had over the phone during the day. Russell Pryor, the night clerk, took down the conversations at night. Boyce had a room in the private office on the second floor whenever he wanted it, and the arrangements downstairs always were complete for him. Whatever went over the phone wires, the stenographer who had a desk in the office was called into requisition whenever Boyce called anyone up.

Mr. Dunbar related many of these conversations over the long-distance phone. In one of them, the "Major" was called up at Columbus and said: "Shane and the President will arrange things on Saturday." Boyce replied: "I will be in town on Saturday." "Suppose O. betrays you; what then?" Mr. Dunbar said that Boyce replied: "No danger; I would kill him. Dead men tell no tales."

Mr. Dunbar testified that Allen O. Meyers, Jr., who was in Columbus as one of the managers against Hanna, was called upon Friday night, Jan. 7, by Jerry Bliss and told of the situation here and what Boyce was doing. Meyers advised Bliss that a man named J. H. Hollenbeck would leave Columbus for Cincinnati that night with money, and to have him watched. The next morning the Miller Detective Agency was employed to watch Boyce and keep track of Hollenbeck on his arrival in Cincinnati.

Jan. 8, H. H. Hollenbeck of Chardon, O., registered at the Gibson for breakfast. A man was needed to him, but he was seen to communicate with Boyce.

GOBLIN HAUNTS THE TOWN OF OLD MONROE.

Well-Known Residents of the Village Describe the Mysterious Shape Here Pictured by a Post-Dispatch Artist.



THE SPOOK AT OLD MONROE.

As Described by Citizens, Who Say They Were Terrified by It.

Old Monroe, a town 50 miles from St. Louis, on the Burlington, is much exercised over the appearance of what some believe to be the devil. Several of the best residents of the little place say they have seen the monster, whatever it is, and these men have described what they saw to a Post-Dispatch reporter and a Post-Dispatch artist.

The Old Monroe goblin is said to be nearly 9 feet tall, with eyes like two illuminated saucers. It gives the town a dark and gloomy look. It makes it notable; it keeps bad people out of the town and makes it a fruitful place for the sewing society and the corner grocery.

It is said to be a mere rodent, running along the wayside. It grew and grew, and now it is taller than the tallest man and cannot pass through a house door without stooping. Even then it might stick its head in.

William Bothe and his brother Henry are reliable citizens. They are men of good character and usually the truth is in them. Therefore they are believed even when the improbable is recited. They evidently believe themselves. This is good in a story teller. Not many nights ago they were along by the road past the Lutheran Church to the house of a farmer. They sat by his fire until bedtime. Then they said good-night.

ELECTRICITY FOR THE SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Can Durant's Discovery Be Made of Practical Use?

SUBTLE FLUID WASTED. IF AN EDISON WILL SHOW HOW TO HARNESS IT, ALL WILL BE EASY.

BELL TELEPHONE EXPERIMENT

They Prove the Power Is Ever Present Under the City, but the Current Varies So That It Is Uncertain.

The discovery of Managers George F. Durant of the Bell Telephone Co. that underground electrical currents escaping from the street railways are sufficiently strong to cripple the new metallic circuit system has set the electrical engineers to thinking.

It was known that a certain amount of the current from the powerhouses of the street car lines was escaping all the time. Its effect had been noticed, but the possibility of its utilization for practical purposes was not thought of until the Post-Dispatch announced Mr. Durant's discovery.

Electrical engineers, however skeptical, acknowledge that the diversion of this stray current to practical uses would be no more wonderful than many achievements already accomplished by such men as Edison and Tesla.

They are all agreed on one point, that the great obstacle to be surmounted is the variability of the current. The problem of getting a constant effect from a variable dynamo current long since ceased to be a serious problem. It is accomplished every day by street railway and lighting companies. Special machinery has been invented to make it possible. Not so many years ago its accomplishment was looked upon as something to be desired but not to be hoped for.

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THE SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Trained Hospital Nurse Finds Dr. Greene's Nervura a Wonderful Cure.

Annie I. Duggan, Skilled Hospital Nurse, Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, the Best Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia the World Has Ever Known.

One of the most skillful trained nurses in this country is Mrs. Annie I. Duggan, 6 St. Charles street, Boston, Mass. Her advice and experience as a nurse are worthy of the greatest consideration on account of her high reputation as a nurse, and her words are especially valuable because of their great encouragement to all classes of sufferers.

Mrs. Duggan says: "I was troubled with Sciatica for over four months and was treated by three different physicians, but received no relief, and as a last resort my friends advised me trying Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which I did, and in six weeks I was a well woman. Although it is four years ago, I have had no return of the trouble."

"My sister also was troubled with rheumatism and I advised her to try Dr. Greene's Nervura, which she did, and received great relief from it. I consider Dr. Greene's Nervura a godsend to me and gladly recommend it."

We would say that Mrs. Duggan's advice as a nurse is indorsed and approved by physicians. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is indeed a wonderful discovery and of incalculable and inestimable value to the sick everywhere. It is the surest known cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches, nervous weakness and debility, weak, tired feelings, and all affections of the blood and nerves. It has been proved over and over again, in thousands upon thousands of cases, that it does cure, that it makes the sick well.

Physicians know of its great value, for they have seen it perform wonders in restoring health and they, as well as nurses, recommend it freely to the sick because it is the prescription of the successful physician, Dr. Greene, 148 State st., Chicago, Ill., who can be consulted free in all cases, personally or by letter.

ALEXANDER DRUG STORE, 58 Olive Street.

Has reopened to-day (Saturday) with a complete line of goods. Bargains in Soap and Fancy Goods for a few days. Prescriptions will receive careful attention as heretofore. The friends and customers of Mr. Alexander will do him a great service by patronizing the store at this time.

C. W. WALL, Trustee

POSTAL ECONOMICS.

Efforts to Find Where Savings Can Be Made.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—About forty postmasters have replied to the circular sent out by Postmaster-General Gary asking what savings could be made in the administration of their offices during the remainder of the fiscal year. In order to avert a deficiency in the postal appropriation, the Postmaster-General is endeavoring to find out where savings can be made. The few exceptions to the rule that all savings should be made in the office are now being run on an economical basis, and the further the director of the working force of the question. The few exceptions to the rule that all savings should be made in the office are now being run on an economical basis, and the further the director of the working force of the question. The few exceptions to the rule that all savings should be made in the office are now being run on an economical basis, and the further the director of the working force of the question.

MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Telephoned From Baltimore to New York by Water Only.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—A surprising telephone message was received from the office of the Holland Submarine Boat Co. in this city. When the bell rang and the boy who answered was told that the other end of the wire was at the bottom of the harbor of Baltimore, a good deal of young wife was well-nigh stunned, and sarcastically asked if the message was from the bottom of the sea. But when the unknown insisted that he was perfectly sane he summoned the telephone company and had the message applied as to the situation, hastily rushed to the instrument, and found that the message was coming from the submarine boat Argonaut, which was taking an "airing" trip. The message was from the submarine boat Argonaut, which was taking an "airing" trip. The message was from the submarine boat Argonaut, which was taking an "airing" trip.

SAXTON VERDICT SUSTAINED.

Mrs. McKinley's Brother Mulcted for Alienation.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 22.—The Supreme Court of Ohio has affirmed a judgment against George O. Saxton, brother of Mr. McKinley, in a damage suit brought against him by Sample C. George of Canton. About three years ago George O. Saxton, who was a well-known citizen of Canton, Ohio, rented apartments in the Saxton block in Canton. Saxton owned the building and in this way became acquainted with the Georges.

GIVES UP HER PENSION.

The Widow of Capt. Bradshaw No Longer Needs It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The widow of Capt. D. W. Bradshaw of Company D, 11th Illinois Cavalry, will cease to draw a pension on after this month. It is her own request that the pension be discontinued, and in a letter to the Commissioner of Pensions she returns the certificate, adding that she no longer needs the pension. The pension was granted her by the government, since she recently fallen heir to an estate valued at \$25,000.

A Hale Old Couple.

GALESHBURG, Ill., Jan. 22.—The golden wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Kreider was celebrated last night. They were married today and fifty years ago. The doctor is 80 and his wife 75 years old, and both are in excellent health and spirits.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER
PUBLISHED BY
THE PULITZER PUBLISHING CO.
Office 513 Olive Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BY CARRIER, ST. LOUIS AND SUBURBS.
Daily and Sunday—Per Week..... 10 Cents
Daily and Sunday—Per Month..... 45 Cents
Sunday—Per Month..... 20 Cents
BY MAIL—IN ADVANCE.
Daily and Sunday—Per Annum..... \$4.00
Daily and Sunday—Six Months..... \$3.00
Daily and Sunday—Per Month..... 80 Cents
Sunday—Per Annum..... \$2.00
Sunday—Six Months..... \$1.00

Daily and Sunday by carrier, in towns outside of St. Louis, 10 cents a week, 50 cents a month. Week day only, 10 cents a week.
Remit by money order, draft or in registered letter. Don't send checks on your local bank.
The price of the Post-Dispatch on all railroad trains and in all railroad stations outside of St. Louis will be 5 CENTS per copy daily and 10 CENTS Sunday. Anyone who is charged a higher rate than this will please report same to us, giving name of road, or station, and number of train. Subscribers who fail to receive their paper regularly will confer a favor by reporting the same to this office.
Address all communications to—

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Agent Foreign Advertising,
45 E. Third Street, New York.
And 461 The Rookery, Chicago.

A TIMELY ILLUSTRATION.

The suggestions so far offered by protectionists for remedying the unpleasant situation in the New England cotton mills are both diverting and instructive.

Statesman Dingley, having been confronted by the signal failure of his coddle and pap policy, metaphorically speaking, spans the Southern cotton grower for growing such an enormous cotton crop and with childlike ingenueness emphasizes the rottenness of his paternal and discriminating system of taxation.

In his desperation Mr. Dingley also suggests that nothing short of a constitutional amendment to equalize Northern and Southern manufacturing conditions will satisfy the country. In short, tariff legislation having been exhausted in support of the New England manufacturers' right to freedom from outside competition, their inalienable right to protection from home competition is to be embodied in the Constitution.

From the mill owners the only suggestion offered is that of a combine, the inevitable conclusion of the protective policy. Having valuer out the foreign competitor, the home consumer and producer are to be squeezed by an iron-clad combine for the regulation of the prices and of the output.

It should be borne in mind in all of this turmoil over the cotton industry that the average profits of the New England mills during the recent years of depression and under the Wilson law were high. They were lower than usual last year, during part of which the Dingley tariff law was in force, and the present cut in wages is made in anticipation merely of a reduction of dividends.

The folly of the protective tariff policy is revealing striking and timely illustration at the hands of its friends and beneficiaries.

The stamp of popular disapproval has been emphatically placed upon the false economy of reducing the number of letter carriers.

CARRIER REDUCTION FOLLY.

The St. Louis mail service pays the Postal Department a net annual profit of nearly \$1,000,000. The actual profit for last year was \$92,647.09. Yet this profitable service is to be reduced in order to meet a paltry deficiency of \$150,000.

Would a business man cut down a profitable department of his business to meet a deficiency caused by an unprofitable department? Would he not cut down the expenses of the unprofitable department?

There is another side to this matter. The postal service is a public service. What justice is there in cutting off the profitable service needed by the people who support the department, to help out the unprofitable service maintained for dead-heads?

Congress has committed follies and wrongs, but it ought to have decency and sense enough to prevent this folly and wrong.

The President may sympathize with Spain or with the holders of Spanish bonds. It is certainly not with the struggling Cubans.

WASTEFUL METHODS.

Manager Durant's discovery that the ground under St. Louis is a storage battery for the electricity made by the electric street car companies may be turned to the advantage of the St. Louis people.

If Mr. Durant will tap the battery and draw off the electricity he will save the persons whose water pipes are being destroyed by electrolysis a great deal of annoyance and expense. He may also reduce the operating expenses of his company that the telephone rates may be reduced without impairing its handsome dividends.

But perhaps the street car companies will object to supplying the Bell Telephone Co. with electricity and may discover that it would be a wise business move to put in a metallic circuit and save for their own use the electricity now wasted in the earth.

In this event the street car magnates may find it possible to save enough to reduce fares. Merely as an exposure of a crude, wasteful and destructive method of handling electricity as a motive power, Mr. Durant's discovery is valuable.

In striking Cuba Mr. Hitt was indirectly striking the liberties of his own country.

THE GROCERS' KICK.

The trouble with the St. Louis Wholesale Grocers is that practically, if not technically, they are in a trust and its effects as far as they are concerned are not what they expected.

In defining a trust, the Missouri anti-trust law includes corporations that enter into an "agreement" to regulate or fix the price of any article. It is not necessary that corporations appoint selling agencies, trustees, or pool their stocks. An "agreement" among a number of corporations to fix or regulate prices is sufficient to bring them under the law.

The State Association of Wholesale Grocers has put fixed prices on a number of articles. The St. Louis Wholesale Grocers have discovered that this works to their detriment, by making the grocers in country towns independent of the St. Louis wholesale houses. This is the natural effect of trust methods, which limit or put a stop to natural competition.

If the St. Louis Wholesale Grocers want to restore the condition of free competition that will give them the opportunity they desire for underselling wholesalers in other parts of the State,

they will do what they can to purge the State Association of its trust features. They cannot be subject to a trust and run their business on the old competitive but independent lines.

Champ Clark made a strong appeal to the Republicans of the House to stand on their platform and do justice to Cuba, but, with the Administration's patronage in view, the statesmen of the House are deaf to every sort of appeal that does not come from the White House. Never was the cohesive power of the public plunder so cohesive as it is to-day.

THE CHINESE STRUGGLE.

In the struggle with Russia in China Great Britain is striving for two specific objects. One is the defeat of the Russian attempt to gain a dominating influence at Peking, and the other, which is bound up with the former, is that all Chinese territory and Chinese ports opened to the trade of one nation shall be open to all.

While Great Britain has a selfish interest in her struggle, she assumes high ground. She naturally expects to maintain the predominance at Peking of British influence, but British control is not a menace to freedom of trade and equality of opportunity for all nations in Chinese ports and territory.

England must be credited with a broad and liberal policy in the matter of trade in all countries in which her influence dominates. Her commercial policy is wise and courageous. When England opens a mart it is opened for the world, and she depends for supremacy, as in her own home mart, upon her skill and enterprise and commercial wisdom.

In her Chinese struggle, therefore, Great Britain has a strong claim to the support of all the commercial nations. Russia is for Russia and England is for the civilized world. For this reason, therefore, while it is not at all clear that we should join the Anglo-Japanese alliance, yet we are bound to give it our moral support as a measure of commercial defense.

One may easily imagine the condition the country would have been in at this time had it not been for the great foreign grain shortage. If Providence helps anyone, it certainly looks after Uncle Samuel.

Dalzell of Pennsylvania may know something of tariff robbery, but his ignorance of Cuban affairs is monumental if it is not feigned. Mr. D. cut a sorry figure in his questioning of Representative Williams.

The average Republican leader would rather wallow with the fat old polygots than listen to the warnings of Gov. Pingree and return to the Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln.

Bad municipal management makes municipal embarrassment perpetual. We now have not the money to hold an election to provide for more money for municipal expenses.

More Republicans than Gov. Pingree are aware of the abuses their party has been led to encourage, and they may possibly be heard from in coming elections.

The more the Dingley law produces revenue the more it fails to protect monopolies. No doubt most consumers would rejoice to see heavy revenues.

There will be many things in the big Sunday Post-Dispatch of to-morrow that every up-to-date newspaper reader will want to see.

De Lome wants to know if the mouth of Hitt is the mouth of McKinley. He imagines it to be a new feature in American diplomacy.

The confirmation of McKenna is as little creditable to the Senate as is the President's nomination of this most unfit person.

Germany wants the highest price for missionaries. Her religious enthusiasm in China is greater than it is at home.

It should be at least 99 years before the Illinois street railway grabbers get the 99-year franchises they are seeking.

The Southwest Pass appropriation should pass, whatever else may or may not be done by the present Congress.

POST-DISPATCH SNAP SHOTS.

The hide market is tough.
Be he a tall man or a short man, the burglar flies before the woman who brandishes her hatpin.

The 200 Texas steers sold yesterday at San Antonio did not bring as much as Charlie Hoyt's one.

If every starving Cuban were as fat as Speaker Tom Reed, the pusillanimous attitude of the House would not appear so bad.

Should Corbett and Fitzsimmons not be required for hotel clerk work in Washington, they may be needed for the hard scales over in Illinois.

Sodalia's Brady investment bobbed up in the Woman's Convention, with the laugh on Sodalia. The laugh was hearty enough, but the Governor's confidence is unshaken.

No great American newspaper can be bossed even by so able a boss as Croker. The German Emperor himself is getting into a great deal of trouble by meddling with newspapers.

A barrel of 42 gallons of whisky contains not more than 10 gallons of pure whisky. It is said, if this does not lead the Kentucky Colonel into the temperance lodge, nothing will take him there.

Though for 48 years the Chinese have been celebrating the last day of their old year, supposing it to be the first day of their new year, they have had just as much fun as if the days had been identical.

Judge Murphy's opinion that "if this defendant thought he was stealing butter, and in reality was stealing oleomargarine, he was not stealing anything," will perhaps find a place in all the new legal works on crime.

The Japanese substitute doves for the bottle in the launching of their ships. Though doves are scarcely appropriate to war vessels, the Japs, perhaps, may be right in the idea that a battle ship should not be a bottle-ship.

"We will file a long report of our trip and tell what we have seen," says Mud Junketer Wurzbacher. This report will doubtless be a valuable literary work and will greatly embellish the old new City Hall should that great building ever be finished.

The poet of the Twenty-sixth Republican Ward Club writes: "Uncle Henry, come to me; there's no insects on thee. When you're through as Mayor the state is to make you Governor of the State." Are Republican poets so scarce or so lacking in enthusiasm that Uncle Henry has no better bard than this?

Hetty Green's denial that she has been treated at a free dispensary must be accepted. Millionaire Sage may buy hand-me-down clothes and Millionaire Depew may be enticed to a 15-cent meal, but let us not believe that Millionaire Hetty Green is unwealthy, mentally or physically, as to resort to charity treatment.

A DAILY MAGAZINE

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.



"O, Tommy Trotwell, I thought you swore off smoking."
"Well, so I did, but yer see, me goll give me a box o' segars fer me Christmas, an' I got ter smoke 'em or she'll give me de marble front."

SEAL SAT ON THE FRONT STEPS.

Stray kittens, homeless dogs and occasionally an abandoned baby the New Yorker may hope to find on his doorstep now, and then, but a seal is more than he can hope for.



That is what Miss Phillips of San Diego, Cal., discovered when she opened her front door one morning last week. It was a seal, and he was looking into a little ball of fur, and pricked most painfully by a journey through the cactus from the bay. He was in a very hot even and, although this has been called an "invalid dish," its nourishing qualities will be appreciated by the whole family.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

(This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give or a subject of general interest to discuss, or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words.)

"Lay on, Macduff."

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
I have heard it suggested that a greater degree of respect should be shown for the Governor of Missouri than has been manifested by your paper in the immediate past. Doubtless assurances can be readily given that none will be permitted to go further than the managers of the Post-Dispatch in showing proper respect for the executive of the State, whatever they may think of Lon Stephens' efforts to build up a corrupt political machine by appointing men of shady moral complexion to places of trust. Evidently those who persist in demanding a blind homage to gubernatorial vestments, regardless of the multitude of political sins and shortcomings they may cover have but a limited conception of the conflicting emotions that agitate the bosom of a fond parent who removes the pants of an erring son the better to chastise him for his derelictions.
The office of Governor, with its robes of authority, should ever be duly respected even to the degree of laying aside the vestments, while spanking the delinquent. This, in the judgment of many good Democrats and all good citizens, is the head and front of the Post-Dispatch's offending and they heartily cry, "Lay on, Macduff!" ELL JAY, St. Louis.

Street Car Men Are Not Brutal.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
I saw in your paper yesterday a sarcastic letter on street railway employees. I cannot think the editor is railroad employee, or if so, he does not understand human nature and measures everybody's corn by his hot bushel. To think that any one can value human life so cheaply is a revelation to me—when of my own personal knowledge. I know of men who have been the last despising look or cry of the poor unfortunate, and it cost a gloom over their remaining life. True, traveling public are somewhat prejudiced against us, but they do not understand the trials we must contend with or they would be more lenient. May I never be so unfortunate as to kill anyone as the wish of one of 'em but, I hope, a gentleman! St. Louis. A. READER.

The Postoffice Deficiency.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
I wish to make a suggestion to Postmaster Carlisle. It is this: Instead of striking fifteen or twenty carriers from the list, why not lay each man off five or ten days until the required deficiency is made good? St. Louis. CARRIER.

Better Have Left It Unsaid.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
The person referring to little Grace Reynolds had only this to say, that in order to prevent accidents the street railway companies should discharge all hands immediately after the advertising rates are reduced. We are certainly to believe then that the writer is judging others by himself, or, probably they want the job of the poor man who is so unfortunate as to have such an accident. The department elevated opinion of the street railway companies than to think they would have in their employ any one so brutal as to crush out one's life intentionally. St. Louis. TRULY DISGUSTED.

Question of a Horse's Name.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.
To decide a bet I bet that there wasn't a horse by the name of Father Sheppard. I would like to know, in your paper, if there is one by that name and let me know how old he is. St. Louis. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Business Is Business.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
That is a significant result of the fight of the Denver department stores upon the newspapers. They contended and demanded that advertising rates be reduced 50 per cent. The newspapers thought they were able to run their own business and refused the demand. The department stores thereupon discontinued all advertising in the papers. But they have now resumed advertising, but at rates higher than they were paying before. There are no lines of mercantile business which are not benefited by newspaper advertising, but there are some which are absolutely dependent upon it. The Denver department stores have learned a lesson which they will not forget.

THE POLYHOG IN JAPAN.

It is to be noted that during the past year there have been no fewer than thirty-eight strikes in different parts of the country and in these strikes have been represented all classes of labor, from the cargo coolie to the servants in the "Home Department." Many silk and cotton weaving mills have been rendered idle, large bodies of carpenters, cargo coolies, miners, railway porters and men in other walks of life have shown themselves to be sufficiently well organized to obtain the concession of whatever they have taken into their heads to demand; for the capitalists in Japan as a rule is a man of small means who wants prodigious returns for his outlay. The leaders of public opinion in Japan are devoting their attention to the present attitude of capital and labor. Bills are to be introduced limiting the hours of labor for factory hands under 15 years of age, and requiring sanitary inspection of the mills and living apartments furnished to mill operatives, as the health of mill operators is found to be suffering. American Trade.

TWO GREAT QUESTIONS.

In spite of wars and famine
The world still waits on this:
"Who is the youngest Mason?"
And "Is it time to kiss?"

OUR LIVING PICTURES.



MARK S. BREWER.
This is a picture of the Pontiac (Mich.) lawyer, former Congressman and ex-Consul-General at Berlin, who has just been appointed to the United States Civil Service Commission.

DIVORCE IN BERLIN.

Berlin, although behind many cities of the United States in the matter of divorce, leads the European cities. It has 32 divorces to every 10,000 marriages, while Hamburg comes next with 27. Paris shows 21 per 10,000. For the whole of France the figures are now 8.5, against 3.1 up to 1884 (adoption of the divorce law of 1884). Switzerland shows 29.5, Denmark 17.1, Saxony 15.7 (for the same figures as Massachusetts). The lowest figures in Prussia are shown by Westphalia, with 3.7; Hanover 3.3; Mecklenburg shows 3.7, Baden 3.3 and Hungary 3.1.

SOUFFLE.

For an "invalid dish" for breakfast take five eggs, half a cupful of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of cornstarch, pepper and salt. Beat the eggs well separately and stir together. Add milk and cornstarch and bake in a buttered pudding dish for 10 minutes in a very hot oven and, although this has been called an "invalid dish," its nourishing qualities will be appreciated by the whole family.

THE PATIENT'S APPEAL TO HIS NURSE.

Lines Inspired by Newspaper Reports of Recent Surgical Operations in St. Louis and Elsewhere.



Good nurse, I pray you help me slip
My copper nightshirt on.
And give the others all the tip,
When I to sleep have gone;
And bolt the doors and put the bars
Across the windows tight,
And pray to all the lucky stars—
I want to sleep to-night.

Pray, get my salamander shirt
And my asbestos shoes,
And bid the watchman be alert,
Nor his discretion lose;
But if he sees a medico
Come prowling 'round to-night,
To let his trusty weapon go
And kill the fiend on sight.

These doctors—I am onto all
Their schemes, and I'm their match,
For while I lie here by the wall,
I read the Post-Dispatch.
I get the very latest news
From this and other nations
Concerning saw-bones and their views
Of daring operations.

Pray, get my pants with copper seat
And eke my iron socks,
And by the way, these secrete
My vest with brazen locks,
And put my metal cap away,
With phlanges down the side,
So when the doctor comes I may
Be amply fortified.

Good nurse, full long have I been ill,
And I am very weak,
And it is much against my will
This message now I speak;
And yet I love myself, I do,
And close I cling to life,
And let no doctor cut in two
My glazard with his knife.

A NARROW ESCAPE.



"How handsome you look! I love you."
"Ah, that's the time I caught you, Sir. I am your wife."
"Why—er—certainly, my dear. Didn't I know it?"
"Do you suppose I'd talk to any other woman like that?"

DUCKS' GREAT INTELLIGENCE.

For ages man has been told that the duck is a stupid creature, and for ages man has believed the slander. To be sure, the duck himself has never attempted to disprove his vaunted stupidity—never until a few months ago, when a man of keen perception and a large store of patience showed an admiring multitude that the duck was not the slow bird he has been dubbed.
The patient man and the intelligent ducks are both in England now, where the rural Briton watches their performances in open-mouthed astonishment. The things these ducks do would shame any other right-minded creature. One of their simplest tricks is shown in the accompanying picture, but their most notable performance is when they select from the twenty-four letters of the alphabet (each letter printed on a thick card) the proper letters forming the name of anything suggested by any one in the audience.
If this feat does not quite demonstrate that ducks



THEIR EASIEST FEAT.
think, then their mental power is past proving. The intelligent horse, the educated pig and their kind must certainly take a back seat when these ducks are doing their thinking parts.

HOW HE KEPT HER.

Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He hid her bloomers, bike and bell,
And then he kept her very well.

GOOD NEWS IN AN ACROSTIC.

—(35)—

GOOD advice to a bread-and-butter miss—can you give it? The poor girl is in a pitiful plight, as far as her love affairs go. Read her story told in her own words to a girl friend.

XCISION of the stomach was the most sensational surgical operation of 1897. What do you think of a man who lived happily with only one lung and part of a brain? Read it.

HE Czar's children have obtained a foothold in America. A Russian State exists complete within the bounds of one of the United States. A story that will startle the nation.

UCCESSFUL photographs and half-tone photographs, the only illustrations of the kind to be found in a Western newspaper, will be seen in all the glory of the printer's art.

UNPARALLELED is the story of Queen Marguerite's double in an American woman. Striking likeness of face and form hints at a romance in which royalty figures. A tale of the times.

OWADAYS people are so used to tipping waiters that they don't stop to think about thanks. But there is an etiquette about tip-taking, and a beautiful girl has posed for it.

ID you ever know a man who changed his religion and his politics every week—who was a peaceable citizen during the week and an anarchist on Sunday? There is one in St. Louis.

LL the news of local society will be presented in the most attractive form, with many features which no other paper will have. Note the ingenious and attractive headlines.

OU will be intensely interested in the beautiful "Woman's World," whether you are a woman or not. Its exquisite art work is a thing no refined home should be without, and which few will miss.

WOUNDS! Listen at this! There is on exhibition in St. Louis a rifle which has on the stock 18 notches. Each notch represents a human life. Read this wonderful story.

OETICITUS is the latest and most virulent disease known to science. J. Getcher Gunn, the poet of the Post-Dispatch, tells all about it and advocates a startling cure. Not used by himself.

LD-FASHIONED people are fond of kissing. They don't bother about germs. "An Old-Fashioned Girl" gives her views on osculatory matters in a way that puts scientists to shame.

AY! Talking about groundhogs, do you believe that they are weather prophets? Lots of people do. There is one man in Kentucky who has a mint of them. Read his story.

THE youngest pupil who ever was graduated from the St. Louis High School is an interesting young person, from many standpoints. Another case of "through difficulties to the stars."

OLOROUS indeed is the condition of a former United States Senator, who is now holding a small Government position and is "powful glad" to get even that. The fickleness of power.

S there a superfluous woman? In these latter days of science this has become a serious question. There can be but one answer, in the opinion of many. Read about it Sunday.

TRANGER than fiction is the story of a Hoosier maiden who has been to heaven and still lives. Novelists have never conceived of such a wonderful heroine as exists in real life.

ALATE has never tasted a richer dinner than the one to be described in next Sunday's Magazine—the most elaborate ever served. Think of soup that costs \$2.50 a plate!

LL days looked alike to a Western individual who died the other day. He could tell the time at any hour of the day or night by placing his hand to his ear. This story is not hearsay.

HIRTY years a woman has been a recluse on account of disappointment in love. It is a sorrowful tale, full of that tenderness of which only the heart of a woman is capable.

UPID "made a killing" recently in a Northern city, and a St. Louis lawyer was in at the death. The bride, the groom, the best man and all the attendants were law-abiding.

OW can you get along without such an all-inclusive bunch of literature as this? They are all intensely interesting. But that is the way with a stories printed by the Post-Dispatch.

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

PREPARATIONS COMPLETE FOR
 TO-NIGHT'S BICYCLE RACES
 IN THE COLISEUM.

LIST OF EVENTS AND ENTRIES.

Eaton and Coburn, the Champion
 Riders, in Fine Pettie and Likely
 to Crack a Few Records.

All is in readiness for to-night's bicycle
 tournament in the Coliseum, and it promises
 to be away the biggest affair of its kind St.
 Louis has ever seen.

The great event of to-night will, of course, be
 the meeting between Jay Eaton, the "In-
 door King," and Willie Coburn, the local
 champion.

The full programme to-night will be:
 Race No. 1, one mile open, in heats and
 final, professional; 2, one mile heats and
 final, amateur; 3, 1/2 mile consolation, in
 heats and final, professional; 4, match race,
 one two and three miles, best two in three,
 Jay Eaton vs. Willie Coburn.

The entries for the first two of the above
 events closed last night and they are as
 follows:

One mile, professional—Bob Walthour,
 Atlanta; John Paquette, New Orleans; W.
 S. Sanderson, Jack Oliver, Frank Frayne
 and George Quinn, Memphis; George Kra-
 mer, Chicago; Lou Coburn, Jack Coburn,
 Bert Harding and E. C. Schultz, St. Louis;
 Bert Kogine and Preston Barry, Nashville.
 One mile, amateur—C. R. McCarthy, R.
 Butler, C. W. Miller, Corbett, Joe
 Shields, Frank White, Wentworth Steels,
 Alex. Laling, H. C. Upshaw, H. C. Stroth-
 ote and Ernest Harding.

It will be seen by the above that all
 the events have been well and the racing is
 to be a high quality. The race between
 Eaton and Coburn, it may be said, is the
 others, would be worth going miles to see.
 All the riders who are to compete will have
 early and all of them have had some prac-
 tice on the new track. Most of the experts
 think that McCarthy and Walthour will
 win their races. Frank White and Alex.
 Laling are about equal second choices in
 the mile amateur, but in the match race,
 Eaton has very little trouble in disposing of
 him if he does anywhere near as well as
 he has done in his previous races. Bert
 Kogine's record naturally makes him second
 choice for the mile professional. It is not
 surprising that the knowledge of McCarthy
 Frayne finished ahead of him. Great inter-
 est centers in the Coburn match race.
 Eaton is picked as the probable winner.

To-night's race will commence at 8 p. m.
 sharp, with E. N. Sanders officiating as
 referee and Jack Prince doing the starting.

The Southwest Cycle Club will give a
 select course to its members and the friends
 at the clubhouse, 2831 South Jefferson ave-
 nue, Tuesday evening, Feb. 1. The enter-
 tainment committee will try to eclipse all
 their former efforts as entertainers and
 have made preparations for a large and im-
 portant affair. Valuable and useful prizes
 will be awarded the winners.

Play will begin at 8 p. m. and continue
 until 10:30, following which a musical pro-
 gramme will be rendered by the popular
 Olympia Mandolin Orchestra, Fred Trif-
 fer, director.

BIG JIM AND LITTLE GEORGE.

Corbett and Siler Come Together at
 Chicago and Split a Bottle.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—James J. Corbett and
 Referee George Siler met by appointment
 today at the Auditorium Hotel and talked
 over their recent newspaper war. Several
 newspaper men were at the conference.
 Corbett shook his head sadly when he
 when the latter entered the room. On his
 invitation, the party adjourned to the cafe,
 where the two men had a long and warm
 talk. Corbett thought that Siler was angry be-
 cause he had intimated that he thought the
 referee was prejudiced in favor of Fitzsimons.
 Siler was not at all angry, but was a little
 patch from St. Louis Corbett was quoted
 as saying that he had been held by Siler
 in the famous sixth round. Corbett at one
 said that this was not true.

Corbett intimated that in his opinion Siler
 really was prejudiced in favor of Fitzsimons,
 not dishonestly so, but unconsciously so,
 and that in his opinion, and there the
 sixth round Siler had caused him to lose
 two rounds. Siler dissented from this and
 told of his agreement with him in favor of
 William Muldoon regarding the counting
 of time. Muldoon means to call the seconds
 loud and mark them by motion of his
 hands that Siler might see to count them
 accurately. This the referee said he
 he had no love for Muldoon.

Each man finally granted that the other
 had a right to his opinion, and there the
 much-talked-of conference ended.

During the conference Siler said that
 one thing that he had pondered over was
 the fact that in Dallas, Tex., the home of
 Dan Stuart, the betting was not in favor of
 Fitzsimons, whereas every place else it
 was in favor of Corbett.

Corbett said he was "crazy" for another
 chance at Fitzsimons. He had under-
 estimated the latter at Carson and would
 go at things differently the next time.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

Owing to the Death of Ogden Golet It
 May Hold No More Races.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—The fear is ex-
 pressed by officers and leading members
 of the New York Yacht Club that the
 death of Ogden Golet will cause the per-
 manent suspension of the world-famous
 yacht races named for him that have been
 sailed off Newport, R. I., for sixteen years
 during the club's August cruise.
 Mr. Golet made no provision in his will,
 it is said, for the continuance of the prize
 that is annually offered and if the execu-
 tors of the estate of the heirs do not
 take up the matter and favorably consider
 it the last of the interesting contests has
 been sailed.

Since 1882 these races have been the fea-
 ture of the yachting year, excepting of
 course the periodical battles for the Amer-
 ican cup, but even then the club's cham-
 pionship for the defense of the latter has
 invariably taken part in the annual struggles
 off Newport as one of the trials necessary
 before meeting the foreign foe, and the
 skippers and crews alike have sought to
 win a Golet cup.

A Pupil of Muegge's.

George Paul, the wrestler, is a pupil of
 Prof. Muegge of the West St. Louis Turn-
 verein. Paul is the man who met Redding.

BENSON'S
PLASTER
CURE
Benson's
Porous Plaster.
 Information of any kind is quickly drawn to
 surface by the action of the plaster. It is
 almost as effective in the hands of a doctor
 as an emergency aid in such cases as
 hemorrhages, but it is more to be used in
 Benson's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

THE ST. LOUIS ENTRIES.

THE FAIR ASSOCIATION WILL
 MAKE ITS LIST PUBLIC TO-
 MORROW MORNING.

DAN HONIG IN LUCK AGAIN.

He Wins Races at the Oakland (Cal.)
 Track With Zamar II. and
 Our Climate.

The entries to the stakes of the St. Louis
 Jockey Club and Fair Association will be
 published in to-morrow morning's news-
 papers and the lovers of racing will then
 have a chance to see for themselves just
 how good a list there is.

With Joe Murphy at Frisco, Johnny
 Hackmeister at New Orleans and Col. Aul
 at Memphis, Nashville and other points,
 the country has been pretty well honey-
 combed and it is safe to say the list will
 be the best ever presented by the local
 association.

The green jacket and blue sash of the
 Jockey Club will be seen in the early days
 of the St. Louis meeting, the master of
 the Hawthorne having put quite a
 bunch of nominations into the local en-
 try box.

The big string of A. H. and D. H. Mor-
 ris will arrive in New Orleans to-day right
 from the Morris ranch in Texas.

The gamblers and bookmakers who have
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THE CURSE OF GOLD.

A DRAMA WRITTEN IN THE IN-
 TEREST OF FREE SILVER TO
 GO ON THE BOARDS.

ENDORSED BY THE LEADERS.

Expected to Accomplish a Dual Work
 of Education and Amusement
 Among the People.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 22.—A politi-
 cal play entitled "The Curse of Gold" will
 soon be given its first production. It is
 intended to be a convincing campaign docu-
 ment. For weeks Democratic Senators and
 Representatives who advocate the free
 coinage of silver and the nomination of
 Bryan for the Presidency in 1900, have read
 and studied this theatrical venture. The
 result is a stock company has been formed,
 with a membership including many promi-
 nent Democrats, and the funds necessary
 to put a company on the road have been
 subscribed.

The new play is expected to accomplish a
 dual work of education and amusement
 among the plain people. It is intended to
 expose evil in high places, and show to the
 people trust methods, lobbying at the Na-
 tional Capitol, bribery in elections and every
 species of coercion.

The Democratic leaders hope the "Curse
 of Gold" will prove another "Uncle Tom's
 Cabin" in its effect upon the masses. The
 design of the political managers is that it
 shall accomplish what cannot be done to
 any great extent by the usual cam-
 paign literature.

The material for this play was gathered
 during the last campaign when the core of
 the efforts of the money power were sup-
 posedly fastened upon both branches of law
 and industry and the will of the people
 is alleged to have been thwarted by Hanna
 and the gold party.

Senator James K. Jones, chairman of the
 Democratic National Committee, has heard
 the play, and given it its warmest approval.
 He finds it not only true politically, but cal-
 culated to arouse satisfactory sympathy be-
 cause of its intense heart interest and natu-
 ral construction. He believes it will serve not
 only as an educator, but that free silver fan-
 tasy will be told to the people.

Senator Stewart tersely remarked that
 "people could not be kept away from it."
 Senator Allen, while disclaiming connec-
 tion with the Democrats, considers it a won-
 derful play which will attain a popularity
 serving the best interests of the free silver
 cause.

Representative McMillin, the nearest
 friend of Bryan in Congress, enthusiastically
 deduced it will contribute more toward the
 election of Bryan as President than any other
 effort of the Democrats can make.

Samuel Comers, President of the Ameri-
 can Federation of Labor, believes laboring
 men should regard the play as a warning
 or internal directions, which will rally around it
 all over the country as the greatest ex-
 pression of their principles and purposes.

Some of those interested in the American
 drama, who have been incorporated,
 among them, Congressman McMillin, Chauncey F.
 Egan, Lawrence Gardner, who will be Sec-
 retary of the Congressional Committee, Mar-
 shall W. Wines, Robert E. Mattingly and
 Maj. E. Anderson of this city.

KEENE'S AGENT HEARD FROM.
 Placer Mining in Alaska the Richest
 Ever Known.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—A personal repre-
 sentative of James R. Keene has been in the
 Klondike since early last fall. Mr. Keene
 has received two letters from him, detailing
 the scarcity of provisions and the general
 discomforts. Life during the winter there,
 according to the letters is decidedly uncom-
 fortable. The houses are poor and the cold
 is intense. Nevertheless the health of the
 community is good. Mining continues as ef-
 fectively as is possible under the weather
 conditions. Averaging up the district and
 return returns, the yield seems to be about
 \$25 a cubic yard, which is probably the richest
 placer mining ever heard of. Mr. Keene's
 representative saw one bucket
 weighing something over 100 pounds, which
 yielded \$25 in gold. Claims are in great de-
 mand on the Klondike and several groups
 have been sold at an average
 price of about \$100,000 each. Further away
 from the Klondike claims may have been sold
 at \$10,000 and upward. The community
 will receive enormous amounts of supplies
 and there is need of all kinds of machinery
 used in mining. It is expected that these will
 all be provided in abundance during the
 summer.

City of Seattle Arrives.

VICTORIA, Jan. 22.—The steamer City
 of Seattle has arrived, bringing 45 pros-
 pectors from Dawson City. Among the pas-
 sengers were three delegates sent by the
 miners of Dawson to Ottawa to interview
 Senator Laurier and other members of the
 Canadian Government regarding the gov-
 ernment mining regulations, with which the
 miners are dissatisfied. No special news was
 brought down by the returning miners.

WOMEN'S FEDERATION.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.
 SEDALIA, Mo., Jan. 22.—Only a few of
 the delegates to the Missouri Federation of
 Women's Clubs remained in the city to-day.
 The trains of last night carrying homeward
 the most of the fair visitors.

At the close of the convention it was
 agreed that the next meeting, in November,
 should be held in the city of Springfield.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected
 as follows: President, Mrs. Laura E. Scan-
 non, Kansas City; First Vice-President,
 Mrs. Ellen D. Lee, St. Louis; Second Vice-
 President, Mrs. W. K. James, St. Joseph;
 Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. K. McCallum,
 Sedalia; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M.
 R. Wright, Kansas City; Treasurer, Mrs.
 A. R. Leavitt, Hannibal; Auditor, Mrs. J.
 A. Cary, Joplin. Directors: Mrs. John A.
 Allen, St. Louis; Mrs. E. M. Shepard,
 Springfield; Mrs. S. P. Sneed, Sedalia.

Housekeeping Made Easy

By sending your family washing to the
 Union Laundry Co., 206 Morgan street; 4
 cents a pound. All spreads, sheets, slips,
 towels, handkerchiefs and table linen
 ironed. Telephone Main 282 M.

HER TWENTY-SECOND BABY.

Mrs. Gillivray, Aged 60, Has a New
 Baby Girl.

TORONTO, Ontario, Jan. 22.—Mrs. Wil-
 liam Gillivray of 30 Regent street, this city,
 who is over 60 years old, has given birth to
 a baby girl. Her husband, to whom she
 has married seven years ago,
 Mrs. Gillivray has been married
 twice, and this is her twenty-second
 child. She married first when 15. The baby
 is all right and doing well.

Madison Turf Exchange.

Trains leave Washington avenue 1:15, 1:30,
 1:45, 2:30, 2:50, 4:04, 4:47 and 5:35. Return
 2:30, 4:25, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10.

Statue to Longfellow.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—An association
 has been formed for the erection in this
 city of a memorial statue to the poet Long-
 fellow. The association is composed of
 the president, Secretary, Vice-president,
 Parker's Headache Powders.

Cure any headache quickly. Price 10c. Safe
 and sure. All druggists sell them.

Books free; address, Swift Specific Company,
 Atlanta, Ga.

"For fifteen years
 my daughter suf-
 fered terribly with
 inherited Eczema.

She received the best medical atten-
 tion, was given many patent medi-
 cines, and used various external
 applications, but they had no effect
 whatever. S. S. S.

was finally given
 and it promptly
 reached the seat of
 the disease, so that

she is cured sound and well, her
 skin is perfectly clear and pure,
 and she has
 been named "the
 what threatened
 to blight her life
 forever." E. D.

Jenkins, Litho-
 nia, Ga.

S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable,
 and is only cure for deep seated
 blood diseases.

Books free; address, Swift Specific Company,
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P. LADENDORFF - GERMAN ARTIST
OF 302, MANHATTAN AVE.
HARLEM..... N.Y.

GERMANY AND CHINA FIGHT A COMIC DRAW



SUN YEE PANG - CHINESE ARTIST
OF 21, PROSPECT PLACE
BRONX N.Y.

SUNDAY ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH COMIC WEEKLY.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1904. COPYRIGHTED BY THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., 1898

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



TWO COMIC ARTISTS
FIGHT IT OUT
OVER THE CHINESE WALL.
ROUND ONE -
A "DRAW."



ROUND TWO -
STILL A "DRAW."



大勝
中國若交戰未知勝負



ROUND THREE -
ENDS THE "DRAW."



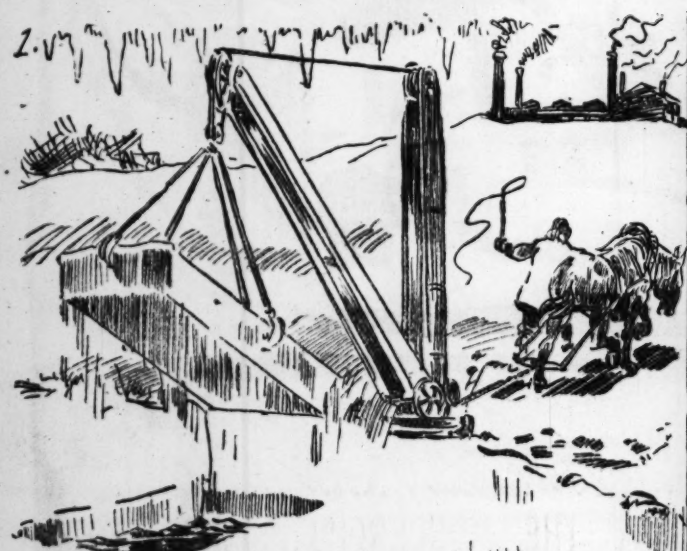
AND CHINESE CUSTOMS PREVAIL.
德國將來如是

FROM BICYCLES TO ICYCLES---MIDWINTER FUN

THE SCIENCE OF ICE CUTTING AND THE ART OF GETTING WET.



THE DIFFERENCE



50¢ worth of ice in January



50¢ worth of ice in July

AN ICY DEVICE



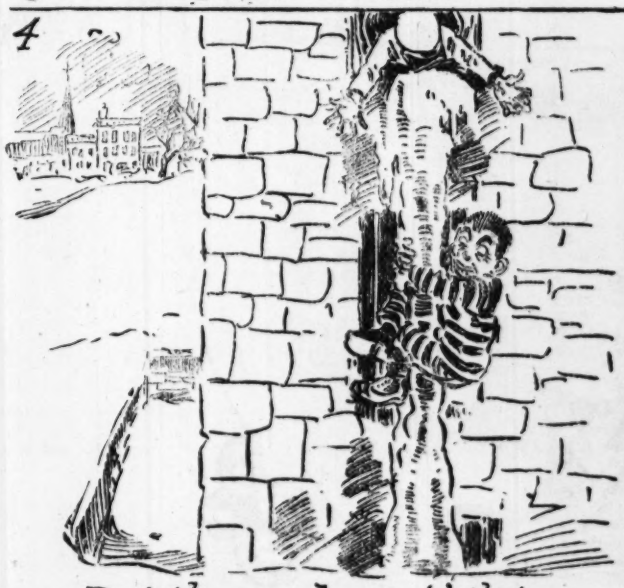
No. 4-11-44 Ah! an idea



No. 4-11-44 Knows that water freezes

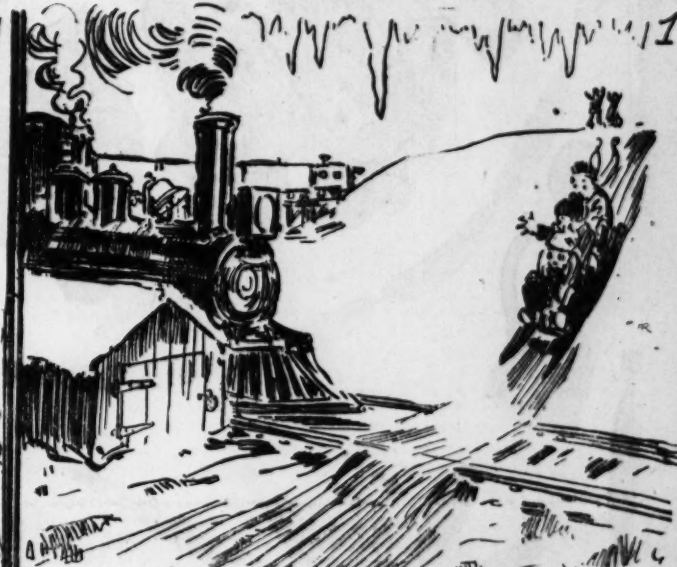


No. 4-11-44 Wants to take a bath Give him the hose.



But the guard was too late

A SURPRISE.



How will the boys escape destruction?



Easily! The train was standing still -- your it!

THE BRAKES BROKEN WERE GONERS



HELP! HELP! HELP!



GET READY



UP YOU GO



NOW DON'T SAY I NEVER BLEW YOU



PNEUMATICS TO THE RESCUE! -- CYCLING IS FEASIBLE IN MIDWINTER.

ARRIVED, IN GERMANY—9 ANCIENT YANKEE JOKE

Here they are, pictured and printed. The Comic Weekly engaged Munkittrick to become the historian and biographer of each. He has been in the funny business for twenty years. He is, therefore, a joke writer of long experience, although he wouldn't have you call him an Old Foke writer. Mr. Munkittrick is Master Workman of Rhymesters Union No. 1, Knights of F.

THE TRAMP LADY JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



Lady—Why do you ask me for money on the street?
Tramp—Give me your address, madam, and I'll call on you at your home.

Shredded by R. K. Munkittrick.

Obermann, the German philosopher, probably never heard of the well-known joke of the tramp and the lady, which, in its original form, was living on a pension in the wilds of New Jersey as far back as 1804. Yet only a few weeks ago all Germany fell over itself with laughter when it appeared in Munich, all revamped and rejuvenated, as a dermatologist having half-soled its face for the occasion. This is the particular joke that denies its age, because the lady which figures in it is a girl, not a woman, and she is a young girl, not an old woman. Authorities which the old minstrel performers might respect, however, that it was first seen in Rome, rich harvest if they could only be brought back during the first Punic war, and was then well advanced in years, and in the habit of dyeing its whiskers and wearing loud clothing and neckties, to conceal unmistakable evidences of approaching dissolution. Its chief parasite, which still flourishes, is the observation that the thermometer is rising in the world by degrees. Both were obsolete and worm-eaten in the Dark Ages.

THE SHOPPING JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



Lady—I want some goods for a boy of six. These things are for a younger child.
Clerk—Well, madam, he'll be six before you finish shopping.

Dissected by R. K. Munkittrick.

One day, when the Roman and Carthaginian armies were within hailing distance of each other, Scipio Africanus roared:
"What is the difference between a sick family and a fac simile?"
"No difference," promptly replied Hannibal.
"How do you make that out?" demanded the Roman leader.
"Because," replied the son of Hamilear, "in a sick family every one is sick and a fac simile is the same."
Yet the above joke is ages younger than the shopping joke, which is older, almost, than shop itself. But it is new in Germany, a land insists upon remaining always young. Authorities which the old minstrel performers might respect, however, that it was first seen in Rome, rich harvest if they could only be brought back during the first Punic war, and was then well advanced in years, and in the habit of dyeing its whiskers and wearing loud clothing and neckties, to conceal unmistakable evidences of approaching dissolution. Its chief parasite, which still flourishes, is the observation that the thermometer is rising in the world by degrees. Both were obsolete and worm-eaten in the Dark Ages.

THE SEASHORE BLUFF JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



Husband—Take your parasol down. If your face doesn't get brown people will not believe we've been to the seashore.

Criticized by R. K. Munkittrick.

It is believed by many reliable authorities that the sea-shore bluff joke was written by Xenophon. It is certainly old enough to command respect. Before reaching Germany, where it is now enjoying great popularity, it was tabooed by the patent insides. At that time, when it was even too public to trot in the ten-minute class in all patent medicine almanacs, it was evaporated, with a number of its companions, as prunes are evaporated in California.
These white-whiskered specimens were strung like onions and hung in the garret of time. It was not supposed that they would ever appear upon the public stage again, as all of them had been strayed and shopworn in the offices of the Budget of Fun and Jolly Joker, both of which, happily, are dead.
It is no wonder Germany thinks they are new and laughs at them, because Germany laughs at people falling downstairs and slipping on banana skins, a form of humor that ceased to be funny when Washington was crossing the Alps in an open boat, according to a humorist of the 40's.

THE SERVANT GIRL JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



Mistress—Why is your lover so quiet when he calls on you?
Maid—Oh, madam, the poor fellow is so bashful when here. He does nothing but eat.

Catalogued by R. K. Munkittrick.

When the servant-girl joke was first built it had B. C. 819 in handsome stone figures over the door. The Germans are profound scholars, who will gladly spend all their days in learning the minutest details of something that is not worth knowing.
Whether or not the chaste emperpured sausage sufficed when asked to serve the salad undressed and palmed off on the unsuspecting for sauerkraut, German wit is not known.
The servant girl joke has just reached them and they have received it with open arms. In fifty or sixty years they will laugh for the first time at the jest concerning the servant girl who, dressed in sauerkraut, kicked a man for perpetrating a crime which it has just appeared to jail. It would be a just punishment, to say the least.

THE BAD-BREAK JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



He—Do you remember Clara Schneider, that old school friend of yours?
She—Oh, yes; that saucy, homely girl!
He—Yes; she's my wife.

Crucified by R. K. Munkittrick.

Although the well-known and well nigh forgotten "society-bad-break joke" has just bowed to a German audience, it is believed by many historians to have been the riddle of the Sphinx. It is a joke that blossoms perennially in many forms and lateral branches.
Yet it has made a most profound hit in Germany in circles where jokes of the button-bursting variety are used instead of wheels to add people in digesting that popular bed-stuffing known as extemporaneous oration, which, in Germany, is stewed and flavored with sauerkraut and palmed off on the unsuspecting for sauerkraut.
This joke was wearing a wig and artificial teeth during the reign of Romulus, and is now on the rebellion pension list because Lincoln once, in an unguarded moment, kicked a man for perpetrating a crime which it has just appeared to jail. It would be a just punishment, to say the least.

THE ANGLOMANIAC JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



Cholly—Why are your trousers up on this clear day?
Reggy—It's raining in London.

Skeletonized by R. K. Munkittrick.

The Anglomaniac joke is really the youngest of the old jokes, and is, strictly speaking, only a mid-die-aged joke. It will undergo the usual variations as time rolls on. Some day a century hence the leading German comic paper will print the following:
Puro—As all vendors use a bell, why do you blow on a horn?
Vende—Because it is foggy in London.
By that time the raining-in-London joke will have been forgotten and the fog joke will take Germany by storm. If this joke had been born early enough to have reached Egypt in the days of Rameses it is quite likely it would have been mummified, and enjoyed to-day by all Germans in their native museums.
It was a badly moth-eaten joke several years ago, but a variety actor, having purchased the controlling interest in it, took it to a dentist and had the cavities filled with gold to make it immortal.
The Germans would do well to mix some of these standard American jokes with their tobacco and sauerkraut; then they could laugh themselves sore without going to the expense of buying a paper.

THE COSTLY CLOTHES JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



Husband—How pretty you look.
Wife—Yes; I notice that as often as changes you find my old gowns most ch.

Vivified by R. K. Munkittrick.

The Germans are evidently as fond of clothes as they are of old wine. Time usually as time rolls on. Some day a century hence the leading German comic paper will print the following:
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THE COME-HOME-LATE JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



"I can't understand what's the matter with these steps"

Scabbled by R. K. Munkittrick.

If the Germans knew as much about originality in jokes as they do about imprisoning all the colors of the rainbow on the bosom of the sausage, the coming-home-late joke would not have appeared in a Teutonic paper recently.
This joke was in its prime at the period when George Christy, the ante-bellum minstrel, was perpetrating the jest about the man who "denied the allegation and defied the alligator"—the period at which insurance companies were refusing protection to our great grandfathers on account of their age.
This joke has undergone changes in its ground plan and side elevations, one of the most recent being the man depicted in the act of ascending the stairway with pillows strapped to his feet like skates.
It is the foster brother of the night-key joke, in which the hero after a vain search for the key-hole asks his wife to throw it down to him from the window above.

THE JOKE WRITERS' ASYLUM IN CHARGE OF PROF. LAURELOT LOON & WIFE.

SYMPTOM BLANK FOR APPLICANTS.
Joke writers will please fill out this blank and return it to Prof. Loon & Wife, with samples of their jokes, for microscopical examination:
Does your forehead slope forward?
Do you have a tired feeling on learning the fate of your jokes?
Was your father human?
Have you ever had writer's cramp or other stomachic disturbances?
Do you feel hungry after writing jokes?
Have you ever been in any other asylum?
Send other remarks on foolscap.
Name in full.....
Prof. Loon & Wife:
Inclosed please find symptom blank which I

THE MURDEROUS DOCTOR JOKE. (From a German Comic Paper.)



Doctor—Oh, yes; I write a little poetry just to kill time.
Lady—Then you haven't enough patients to kill!

Fiected by R. K. Munkittrick.

Although the Germans are ahead of us in science they are several laps in our wit of jokes. Many of our jokes that were sold in the junk-shops like antique andro 40's for use in travelling minstrel companies are quite new in Germany. The doctor-joke coeval with the "When is a door not a door, when it's ajar" jest.
A medical man asked one of the Pilgrim Fathers shortly after the landing of the Mayflower: "Where would you be if it were not for the doctors?"
"Much better off," replied the religious sage.
That was the Colonial variation of a joke that was then wearing an electric belt for its Yet it only arrived in Germany to become a subject of the Kaiser a fortnight ago.
sent. We find no evidence of germ life in the joke from her.
plained that he suffered from cold I room I yelled, "Rheumatics!" (room at One Christmas Day they all tipped carrier but me. I said: "I never feel (Female men). Ain't that A17 Please know what treatment I shall have to n market my jokes. ROY L. M'CAI
You will have to undergo a trepanning similar to one we performed on a railroad the other day. Our house surgeon, Dr. E. invented a new saw composed of nutty use in your case. The operation... your specimens indicate that deposits at the point of sent to see you. GEORGE
HINT TO
Medical men wish should put the fol quick results:
When Mrs. Wack To-day, after last threw her husband bones.

FOR THE THIRD TIME IN THE HISTORY OF MEN, NATIONS AND COLORED SUPPLEMENTS, THE SECOND TIME BEING ON PAGES 4 & 5 OF COMIC WEEKLY, JAN. 16.

COMICS TOLD BY COLORS.

FOR THE THIRD TIME IN THE HISTORY OF MEN, NATIONS AND COLORED SUPPLEMENTS, THE SECOND TIME BEING ON PAGES 4 & 5 OF COMIC WEEKLY, JAN. 16.

Here's a Color Story Without Words, Although a Few Words Are Used, in Case You're Color-Blind.

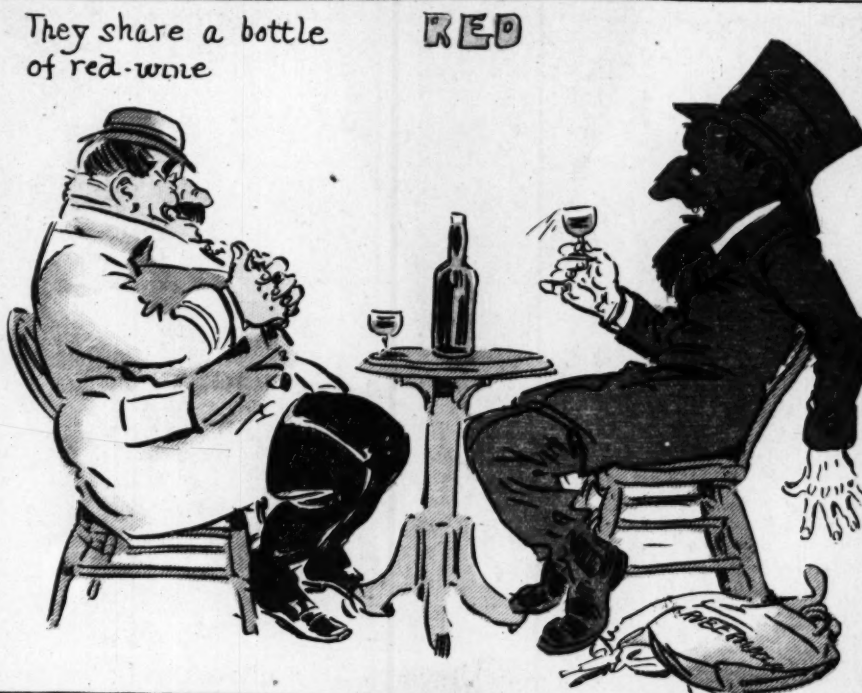
Mr. Blue Jay meets Mr. Black legs

BLUE



They share a bottle of red wine

RED



And consummate a gold-brick deal

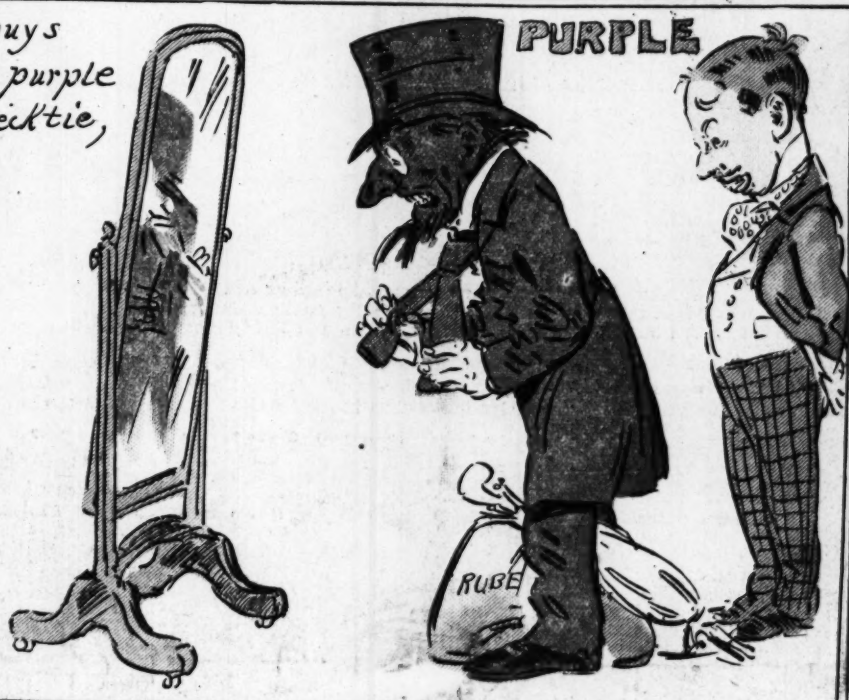
GOLD



GREEN

buys a purple necktie,

PURPLE



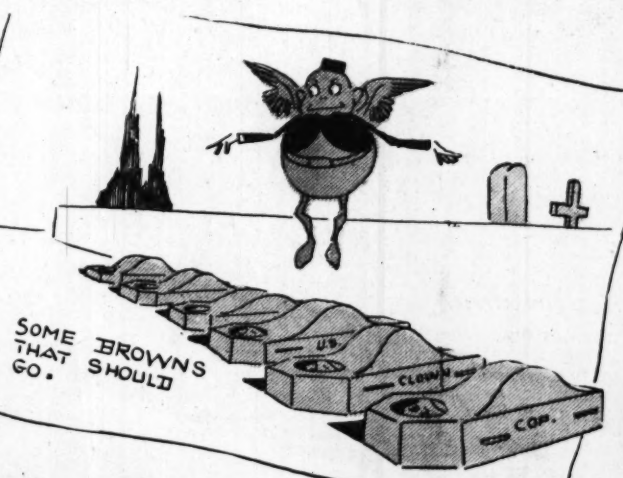
YELLOW

And Here We Have a Page Done Up Brown, Being a Few Chocolate Bon-Bons by Artist Rigby.

"A DARK BROWN TASTE IN THE MOUTH."



SOME BROWNS THAT SHOULD GO.



A VERY POPULAR BROWN.



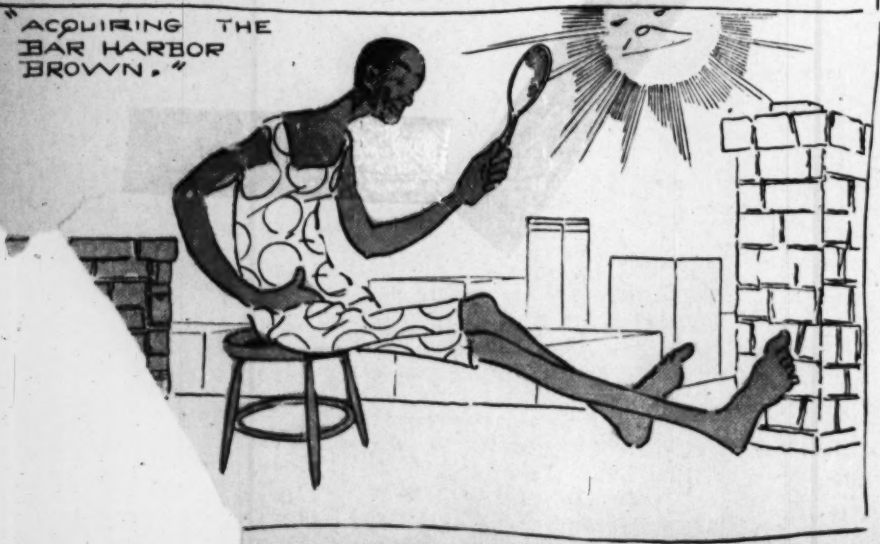
THE GIRL SO FAIR WITH NUT BROWN HAIR.



THE BROWN FAMILY REUNION.



"ACQUIRING THE BAR HARBOR BROWN."



P.S. AT THE BROWNING CLUB. THE BROWN BREAD AND BEANS IN BOSTON MASS.



IN A BROWN STUDY.

Wife: same color.

ADVANCE VALENTINES FROM GREATER NEW YORK TO SISTER CITIES.

Father Knickerbocker, Miss Brooklyn and the Three Little Boroughs Have Grown Very Proud Since the Great Big Name, "Greater New York," Was Attached to Their Household—Perhaps They Think They Can Afford to Utter These Pictorial Sneers Under the Thin Guise of Comic Valentines.



LAUGHS IN NEW YORK HOSTELRIES TOLD BY HOTEL CLERKS.

A HOTEL CLERK OF THE STAGE POLISHES UP HIS DIAMOND SHIRT PIN AND YELLS "FRONT!" IN A VOICE THAT SEEMS TO COME FROM HIS BACK—THE REAL HOTEL CLERK, AT LEAST THE KIND FOUND IN THE BIGGEST AMERICAN CITY, IS A VERY DIFFERENT PERSON—HE'S A SOBER SORT OF CITIZEN, BUT HE CAN OCCASIONALLY TELL A GOOD ONE.

BUT, THEN, IT'S A CHICAGO JOKE.

By F. W. Peacock, Clerk at the Hoffman House.

This one will appeal to folks who believe that puns are jokes. I might say that I do not hold belief. A guest at a Chicago hotel remarked one morning to the clerk: "They rolled in hot and heavy at last." "What?" asked the clerk. "The rolls," said the punster.

HOT TIME IN NO. 64.

By James C. Schuyler, Clerk at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Here is a story I've laughed at many times. See? In a Western hotel there was a blackboard on which the clerk would write instructions for the guests, a lousy Irishman. One day the clerk received a request for a fire from the occupant of room 64. So he wrote on the blackboard: "Fire No. 64." The porter came in, saw the order and proceeded to execute it. In a few minutes he returned to the office. His face was scratched, his clothes were torn and he was breathing heavily. "Well," he announced, "O' must say he was a mighty respectable looking mon, an' he made a med hard fight. But O' fired him, niver fear. But O' fired No. 64."

A THREAT AS WAS A THREAT.

By William Paxton, Clerk at the Eureka, 280 Bowery.

Here's an awful threat made by a guest at this hotel one night. Another man who had drunk a too much for his own good amused himself by knocking the hat off the head of the quiet one. Finally the quiet one said, as he placed the hat on his head: "If you knock my hat off you won't knock it off again." It was a double-barreled threat and somewhat obscure, but it was effective.

ONE WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

By J. F. Rossiter, Clerk at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

They used to tell a funny story about a hotel in the West where I worked. A dead beat stopped at a neighboring town and stayed for a week at the leading hotel, when his bill was presented. He had no money, and the landlord took nearly all of his clothes, leaving him only with underwear, shoes, hat and a linen duster. The dead beat got on a train and went to the town where I was working, reaching the hotel at a late hour. He was shown to his room without his lack of apparel being noted, as his linen duster was a long one. Once in his room he waited for two hours and then set up the cry that his room had been entered and his clothing, watch and \$600 in money stolen. He made an awful roar, and it cost the proprietor about \$100 to settle with him.

WOFUL LACK OF SUICIDAL NEEDS.

By George Bullwinkle, jr., Clerk at the Hotel Aulic.

About the funniest man we ever had here was a solemn-looking chap who came in late one night and went to his room. An hour later he came into the office as mad as a hornet. After some time he quieted down enough to tell his troubles. "I came here," he declared, "to commit suicide by turning on the gas, and you put me in a room lighted by electricity."

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE YOUNG.

By James Brown, Clerk at the Glenmore Hotel, Chatham Square.

This joke is not new; it has nothing to do with the hotel business, and yet I laugh every time I think of it. A fat woman enters a street-car where all the seats are occupied. A diminutive messenger boy with a thin piping voice cries out: "I will be one of three gentlemen to get up and give the lady a seat."

THIS ELEVATOR NEEDS TWO LICENSES.

By C. E. Crawford, Clerk at the Marlborough.

In a Texas hotel a guest who had just registered asked the clerk: "Is there an elevator in the hotel?" "Sure thing," said the clerk. "Just step through that green baize door there and ask the gentleman behind the bar for four fingers of his best bourbon. That will elevate you all right."

THE PERQUISITES OF THE PROFESSION.

By Henry Jackson, Clerk at the Palma House, No. 90 Bowery.

One of our guests came in about midnight on the first night of his stay so drunk that he had to be hauled upstairs. The next night he was not so drunk, but caused more trouble, as he broke into the wrong room and it required the combined efforts of four men to convince him of his error. The next night he entertained friends in his room and indulged in a game of poker. In order to keep him and his friends quiet enough for the rest of the folks in the house to sleep we had to call a policeman, who went up and threatened to arrest the crowd. The next day the man asked for his bill. When it was presented he inquired: "What discount do you give to ministers?"

UNDERSIZED.

By Noisy Dan, Clerk at the Black Bird Hotel, 10 Pell Street, Beds, 10 Cents.

It is the man with money who has fun these days. Which reminds me of the story of the man who stopped for three days at a hotel noted as much for its high prices as for its magnificent furnishings. When the man stepped to the cashier's window and asked for his bill he was fondling a large roll of money. The cashier looked at his ledger and then looked at the man's roll. He made some calculations while casting furtive glances at the man's display of currency. Then he answered: "Your bill is \$116." "Guess again, you thief," replied the man. "I have more money than that."

FUNNY MEN TRY TO WRITE IN CHAPTERS—PERHAPS THEY'RE JEALOUS OF NOVELISTS

THE MYSTERY OF MUFFIN'S MOAT; OR, DANIEL DOOLEYBON'S DARK DEED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROKEN NAPKIN-RING; OR, THE SECRET OF HAROLD HERKIMER."

CHAP. I.
There was a girl named Mary Ann,
Who never shed a tear,
Wher, told to go and chase the can—
A lot, she loved to beer.
—Edward W. Bok.

"The wolf! the wolf!"
Daniel Dooleybon, the dentist, sprang from the
r upon which he had been dozing and seized
revolver. Then he fired seven shots at the
la! ha!" he laughed. "Only another fantasy,
a walking to the mirror he gazed long and
rily at his eyes, which were red from want of
a.

was a Sunday afternoon, and fourteen dreary
had rolled away since Daniel Dooleybon had
e to live and build up a practice on the parlor
of Muffin's Moat.

at not a supplicant for treatment had rung his
as yet, and now he found himself behind, both
teah and rent.

ut this was not all. He realized that he loved
Muffin, his benefactress, and that she spurned
that she might shower her affections upon
timmer Mushenham, the star boarder.

it was a mistake," he said, "to fire off my re-
ver." Then he placed his ear at the chink of
door and listened intently.

CHAP. II.
The liver tried, the boarder laughed;
He also sniffed the stew.
But the blizzard made a mighty draught
And sucked it up the flue.
—Richard Harding Davis.

was the landlady's awful knock. But before
aniel Dooleybon could bolt the door she had en-
ed his room.

Did you shoot for anything?" she asked, her
as bearing the delightful perfume of sarcasm.
Fes, I shot for a glass of ice-water," he stam-
ered in reply.

rs. Muffin scanned coldly at a siphon of vichy,
said:
think you will find that cold enough now."
thank you very kindly," he muttered, taking
ep draught, although he was not in the least
y.

It is sixteen below zero by my thermometer,
there is no heat in my room," he said, now
or twenty minutes Mrs. Muffin did not answer,
n unbuttoning her sealskin cloak she handed
t.

CHAP. III.
anced along the parlor wall,
ere twenty-seven beaux;
The old maid scanned them from the hall,
But each turned up his nose.
—R. W. Glider.

aniel Dooleybon would have said more had he
been interrupted by Julia, the servant, who
then entered the room to say that all the
rders were burning gas to keep warm.
So tell them to turn it off this instant," com-
ded Mrs. Muffin, and a murderous smile played
and her mouth.

CHAP. IV.
"This coffee is as weak as sin,"
He said, "Well, if it's wrong,
Just drop a lump of butter in."
She said, "and make it strong."
—Lord Francis Bacon.

Mortimer Mushenham was a man of beauty
and wealth. Therefore it was no wonder he was
the star boarder at Muffin's Moat.
Nor was it any wonder that Daniel Dooleybon
hated him as he hated a sound tooth, for Mort-
imer Mushenham loved Mrs. Muffin, too.
"Ha!" the latter often mused in derision of his
rival's progress, "the only pull he has with the

AN INDIGNANT STUDENT
Judge Peterby and
wife live in a Harlem
flat. It is a fact that
Mrs. Peterby never was
handsome, and is now
well advanced in years.
In the same apartment-
house resides Rusher, a
Columbia College stu-
dent, who is much ad-
dicted to flirting with
the servant girls, even
going so far as to kiss
them in the hallway.
A few days ago Judge
Peterby said to the stu-
dent:

"Just think of it!
Some unknown man
threw his arms around
my wife in the hall and
kissed her."
"When did that hap-
pen?"
"Yesterday evening,
just as it was begin-
ning to be dark."
After expressing his
horror, the student
hunted up the janitor
and said to him stern-
ly:

"If you don't light
the gas in the halls be-
fore it gets dark, I'll
complain to the owner
and have you fired."

DREADFUL SUSPENSE.
"Well, dear, how did
the election go?" asked
Mrs. Cumso, when her
husband returned home
after waiting for the
returns on the night of
the general election of
1900.

"It's awfully close,"
replied Cumso. "It will
take the official returns
from Hawaii to decide
it, and there is no
cable communication
with that portion of the
United States."

A FIREMAN'S PERIL
The intrepid fireman
rescued an old maid
from the flames, and
turned her over to her
father, who exclaimed:
"You have saved my
daughter's life. You
shall not go unre-
warded. Heroic man,
take her for your wife."
"You are very kind,
but as I am not as
reckless as you think I
am, I'll have to de-
cline," and then he fled.

MADE IN GERMANY--REMADE IN AMERICA.

These three jokes were originally printed in Germany. Artist Ladendorff, who is a German-American, has taken them and touched 'em up. Note, however, that he has preserved the original Teutonic flavor without the aid of sauerkraut or nile-green sausages.



FIRST BROTHER—I READ HERE THAT A MAN SHOT AND
INSTANTLY KILLED HIMSELF AND WIFE
SECOND BROTHER—WHICH ONE DID HE SHOOT
FIRST.
FIRST BROTHER—THE PAPER
DOESN'T SAY.

SMITH—DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE A
PERFECT IMAGE OF JONES.
SNAGGS—WHAT! THAT LITTLE MONKEY?

SHE—OH DEAR, LET US GO BACK; I'M SURE THE BOAT WILL SINK.
HE—NEVER MIND, IT DOESN'T BELONG TO US.

SHE WAS WON IN A DRIVE; OR A ROMANCE OF THE GOLF LINKS.

THIS WAS THE TEE OF THE FINNAN HADY CLUB.

It was McHaggis Twomore addressing the ball.
"Ye willna, ye willna!" he cried savagely, swing-
ing his club like a New York policeman. "Take
that ye'll dinna find th' ball th' day!" Hoot, mon!
Hell, you know, is paved with golf balls.
Down came the club. Crack! McHaggis Two-
more, with a vicious swing, followed through and
the ball shot into the distance. Two days later
with a search warrant he found the ball.

"Ye ken the stroke, caddy lad!" he cried. "Ye
ken the stroke! I've won. Na wee bit slaisie na
pool, ye ken. Twa oop, an' wan to play an' wee'll
awa' to th' leetle meenister! She'll na the more
ca' me th' brassy spoon!"

CHAP. II.
It was 5 o'clock upon the tee. It was also 5
o'clock elsewhere, and there were other teas. But
"Dinna ye love me then, Jeannie McBrassey?
Dinna ye care a wee bit noo far me?"
It was McHaggis Twomore pleading. But in
vain. He was crossed in his love like a McFadden
plaid. Lightly laughed Jeannie McBrassey.
"Hoot, mon!" she cried. "Ye dinna ken I
would a wa' to the meenister wit a mon that foo-
elled twit going apn th' tee. Hoot, mon! Come
awa'! Ye'r playin' th' odd!"

CHAP. III.
"Hoot, hoot, mon!" cried Jeannie McBrassey, "ye
duffer! I'm of a mind that ye're a wee bit daffey.
Dinna the golf buck say ye'll na ween th' meich
of ye'll dinna find th' ball th' day?" Hoot, mon!
Ye're fa' to come gallantin' here like a runner-
oop. Awa' wid ye, or I'll sic the caddy-lad to gie
ye a braw thrummin'!"

CHAP. IV.
The post from Edinboroocooooo to Lannadaren-
bush had passed from off the gorge-moors on the
face of Ben Harrison just as the twilight fell on the
links like a newboy on a sausage. Looking from
the windows of the coach was lassie Jeannie, nib-
bling at a bannock, and her Tam O'Shanter filled
with goodies for the bairns.

"It's a bit th' sorry is Jeannie," she murmured
sadly, "that McHaggis fooselled th' drive. Wae is
me."
From this reflection she was aroused by a sud-
den commotion in the road. The post-coach
stopped suddenly, and there were loud cries in
front.

"It's a hot time that the lads'll be makin' the
night," thought Jeannie. "Aho! Maistry!" she
cried suddenly, "ye'll no touch a pair Hieland las-
sie all alaine."
"Hoonds oop!" said a man appearing around the
bush. He was clad in a red jacket, a scarlet car-
digan, waistcoat, checkboard trousers, plaid
stockings and spats over hob-nailed boots. Two
others like him stood at the horse's heads, and
Jeannie fainted at the villainous sight.

"Hoonds oop!" said the man again, and then gal-
loping over the links like a cow after a runner-up
came McHaggis Twomore.
"Hoonds up, yerse!" he yelled. Stooping swift-
ly two hundred yards away he teed up a ball.
Addressing it once, he swung at it with the body
stroke, followed through, and then screamed tri-
umphantly. There was a sharp crack, a cry of
anguish, and the first villain fell, his heels clat-
tering like pancakes on a marble floor.

"Two up and one down," yelled McHaggis Two-
more. "Veel-lins!"
Once again he teed up the ball. Once again
came the sharp crack as he drove off, and the sec-
ond highwayman fell dead. Two other, taking to
his heels fled in affright.

CHAP. V.
Whereat McHaggis Twomore sang loud in his
joy the pibroch of the Twomores:
"It's a braw-noo foo-nel
And a foo-nel braw new!
An' a braw-noo foo-nel,
I'll ha' four you.
It's a braw-noo foo-nel,
An' ye dinna had thocht,
Ye'd tak' it home th' noot
To drink hot Scotch!"
"Awa' to th' kirk. Ye's the meenist!"

CHAP. VI.
Several of Dusen-
berry's neighbors were
talking about him.
Said one of them:
"He looks as if he
was crazy. I remember
now hearing that there
is insanity in his fam-
ily."
"I think he has been
sick. He probably has
had an attack of grip.
Perhaps he has got
malaria from the open
sewers and torn-up
streets," suggested an-
other.

CHAP. VII.
"Nonsense!" ejacu-
lated a third. "He has
been on a big Christ-
mas spree. That's
what's the matter with
Dusenberry."
"Gentlemen," replied
a fourth, "you are all
wrong. Somebody
gave his boy a drum
for a New Year's gift."
That settled it.

CHAP. VIII.
Northern Man (in
Arkansas)—So you call
the animal "Mother-in-
law?" What a peculiar
name for a hare!
Young Native—Aw, I
dunno; you see, he has
got so he interferences
all the time.
"Ha, I see! He used
to be quite speedy when
he was younger, didn't
he?"
"Yep! We called
him 'Hard-boiled Eggs'
till we finally found
out that he could be
beat."

CHAP. IX.
Musical Item.
Mr. Samuels—What
a beautiful piano! Why,
I didn't know you
could play.
Mrs. Jones—I can't.
You don't suppose my
husband would give me
a piano if I could play,
do you?
"Then why does he
give you a piano for a
New Year's present?"
"To make the parlor
look more stylish, of
course."

CHAP. X.
His Fears.
Landlady (pitcher in
hand)—Will you have
cream in your coffee?
Cralk (as she pours)
I'm afraid not!

FUNNY STORIES OF THE STAGE—TOLD BY FAMOUS COMEDIANS.

SOMEBODY SOME TIME SAID COMEDIANS WERE FUNNY ONLY ON THE STAGE—TISN'T SO, BECAUSE SOME COMEDIANS ARE NOT FUNNY ON THE STAGE, OR ANYWHERE ELSE—AND AGAIN, TISN'T SO, BECAUSE THEY TELL, BELOW, FUNNY THINGS THAT OPENED FAR FROM THE MADDING FOOTLIGHTS—SO STOP THE ORCHESTRA, ROLL UP THE CURTAIN, AND HERE YOU ARE!

SAVED BY FIREFLIES.

By Louis Mann.

To the Editor:

Some years ago I was a member of an organization the principal actor of which was absolutely the limit in the lying line. Ananias and Munchausen rolled into one would finish last with him in the race, as attested by this, one of his little anecdotes:

I was travelling across the Isthmus of Panama with a party of friends. It was midnight. Our train was rattling along at about sixty miles an hour, when all of a sudden "Bling!" it came to a dead stop. All the passengers were roused up and congregated on the steps of the car along by a bridge. Suddenly the conductor came and said:

"We are in great danger. The west-bound express is coming along on the same track. We are stalled and we can't get on the other track. Is there any one who has the courage to take this red lantern and run toward the coming express train and signal her to stop before we are all killed?"

There was a minute of intense quiet; no one uttered a sound. Suddenly I spoke up and said, "I'll go." There was great cheering, and the conductor gave me the lantern. I started out to run toward the coming express. I ran and ran and ran. I was fast getting exhausted. Suddenly I

noticed to my horror that the light in the lantern was getting low.

There was next to no oil left. I kept running in hope that the train would come. The night was getting smaller and smaller, when simultaneously I could hear the approach of the express and see in the distance what looked to me like a giant city of dancing fairy lights. I kept running faster and faster; the light was getting lower and lower, and then to my horror it snuffed and went out. At this same moment I came upon that which seemed to be the city, but which proved to be millions of lightning bugs.

I could almost hear the heaving of the engine; my mind was in an awful condition, when suddenly it came to me like that! I was in the midst of all of the lightning bugs. Grabbing a handful of the little insects I pulled out the cup from the lantern, jabbed in the fireflies and swung the lantern just as the train swung up. I stopped the train and saved all of the lives. I was cheered by the passengers.

Upon reaching the boat at Acapulco I remembered something flying into my hand while I was running the night before, which in my excitement I had thrust into my pocket. The niece of Gen. Butler, who had been on the express, accompanied her thanks with tears. In the tumult of the train's sudden halt she had lost her pet canary. Impulsively my hand went into my pocket, and holding out something to her a second later, I asked:

"Madam, is this it?"

Sure enough, it was the lady's bird I had caught in the darkness without knowing it.

REAL EXCLUSIVENESS.

By Frank Daniels.

To the Editor:

It seems to me this one illustrates the character of some of our English brothers very well: Beerbohm Tree came out of a hotel late at night with another gentleman, arguing quite excitedly. They got into a cab. The cabman looked down and said:

"Where, sir?"

Tree answered, "Home."

"Where is that, sir?"

Tree—Do you suppose I am going to give my private address to every cabman in London? I suppose the cab and its occupants are still in the same place.

AN EARLY EXPERIENCE.

By Weber and Fields.

To the Editor:

Less than a dozen years ago we were little German clowns in Denier's Great World Circus—one ring and no menagerie. Being tender and unsophisticated youths, we were watched over by a kind ringmaster, M. Oscar St. Armond, otherwise Billie Smith.

When out in Iowa he told us if we heard the cry "Hey, Rubie!" to run for our lives, as that meant there was going to be a fight. One night at Sioux

City, just as the show was over, we heard the cry, "Hey, Rubie!" and away we started for the circus cars a mile away. It was as dark as pitch, but we were able to find the railroad track, leading to supposed safety.

But on the way, and just as a howling mob was almost upon us, we came to a bridge. Safety was found in both of us getting down and hanging by our hands holding to the ties. The mob passed over the bridge, but then to get up was the question. We heard the water rippling beneath our swaying bodies; we were exhausted and could hold on no longer.

So we bade each other an affectionate good-bye, and dropped into a foot of mud and water.

JOSEPH WEBER AND LOUIS FIELDS.

NOT UP ON BICYCLES.

By Sam Bernard.

To the Editor:

My little niece has a glowing imagination and a hankering for a bicycle. She had it before Christmas, and she's got it now.

Having decided to present her with a wheel for Christmas, I told her that Santa would bring her a bicycle if she was a good little girl and prayed to the Lord for one. But her mamma was afraid that her tot was too young for a bicycle, so I was told that a tricycle would be best.

Christmas morning came, and when the little miss saw the tricycle she was terribly disappointed. She raised her eyes to heaven and cried: "Dear Lord, don't you know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" I have tried to be a very good little girl, and this is all I get for it—a nasty old tricycle!"

SAM BERNARD.

DEAD TEN YEARS.

By Roland Reed.

To the Editor:

I once played in a Western city and, after the performance, had retired to a quiet spot, there to partake of a bottle of wine with a friend. At an adjoining table sat two gentlemen who had evidently been to the theatre.

I heard one say: "I've just been to hear Roland Reed!" He got no further, for his companion interrupted him with the remark, delivered in most cutting sarcasm: "Why, you chump, Roland Reed has been dead these ten years."

What his companion's reply was I don't know. I was shocked beyond expression at the sudden news of my deceased so long before, and motioned to my companion, who was almost convulsed with laughter, that I would settle for the wine.

I told him good-night rather sadly and went to my hotel. The clerk handed me my key and the bellboy asked: "What time do you wish to be called, sir?" I was not feeling very chipper—no man does after he's been dead ten years—and I retorted: "I don't want to be called at all. I'm going to bed. I've been dead ten years, and don't want to be awakened at all."

ROLAND REED.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS.

By Press Eldridge.

To the Editor:

Gus Teets and I were old friends. Ten years ago we had a female minstrel show on the road

I'll sing them, too, between I and you, Whenever my consent is from me rung.

Oh, I have hopes 'ere it is too late, And it is never too late to forget, And soon or late, high in the state, A nation's gratitude I'll surely get.

From an egotistical standpoint this seems a success. But, as we have said before, this corner is the property of poets who are anxious to have us give our expert testimony as to the quality of their work. The writer of the above assumes that he has genius. We will only say that we do not agree with him. Moreover, he is too familiar. Our station forbids familiarity from any one.

HER DEBUT.

Said a lady living on Laclede avenue, St. Louis, to a colored female cook:

"Your references are satisfactory, and I rather like your appearance, so you can consider yourself engaged."

"De same to you, mum. When shall I make my debut?"

THE POET'S CORNER.

Conducted by Alfred Austin.
CHIDING CONSCIENCE.

Julius W. Taylor, Wilmington, N. C.

When a man lingers to forget,

It is then he remembers amen;

His thoughts cling to him yet,

Reflecting his treatment like a gem.

In his sleeve he whispers "forgot,"

But still lingers a little clue,

And you know he has not

Forgot all he knows about you.

He whistles, he dells his cares,

The world doesn't know he is blue,

'Tis a thought that he fears,

That you to him won't be true.

Treat man as a panther, remember,

This policy you will never rue.

You can't forget what you remember,

Or you won't if you do.

This ode from North Carolina was selected for the place of honor this week because it came from a strange poet. We have been accused of showing favors to writers with reputations. It is false, and we will now prove it by giving first place to the above this week.

WITH CLASP OF HANDS.

Heart Flame—By Ida Monroe, Heart Poetess, N. Y.

As each leaf courts the wind that calls with bird-like cooling,

While it bends bough and twig close to earth,

Floats a song on the atmosphere, like pale voice wooing,

And it seems paradise gave it birth.

Chants my soul as harp by seraph fingers hitting,

Near your form moves to hold fond and tight,

Then with clasp of warm hands on earth no longer sitting,

I feel we seek heaven in sweet flight.

It is scarcely necessary for us to again speak of the

sublime pen of Miss Monroe. We have sufficient confidence in the public taste to feel assured that they will appreciate the above as highly as we do. Sometimes we wish that we had developed our poetic talent in the field that Miss M. has chosen: i. e., the field of love. It is too late now, as we are aging rapidly.

FAREWELL.

By Frederick M. Thomas, aged 15.

Farewell, my darling! I must go at last,

For you my heart is sadly yearning,

The shades of night are falling fast,

And the gray sky is quickly turning

Let not this parting grieve you, dear,

'Tis for the best that I shall go,

The war is on! My country calls,

And I must fight through smoke and snow.

For Scotland's banner shall still wave,

The hated foeman cannot tread

Over the land of the free and the home of the brave,

Or tread over the brave Scotch dead.

CHINESE CAUSE UPHELD BY AMERICAN CARTOONIST



RECENT PICTURE-EDITORIALS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY DRIVE CRAYON-TIP SHAFTS AT EMPEROR WILLIAM AND THE OTHER FOREIGN POTENTATES WHOSE EYES ARE ON THE WAVING RICE FIELDS OF THE KINGDOM OF THE SON OF THE SUN—DO THEY TISTS DO THIS FROM SYMPATHY OR DID LI HUNG CHANG RETAIN THEM ALL WHEN HE VISITED THIS COUNTRY?

A STREET PARADE TO ADVERTISE MOSE'S INCUBATOR SHOW.

Just see the warm-weather animals! They are shaking so hard that the children are nearly falling off! Wait till next week. Perhaps they'll all be warmer.



With nostrils wide distended,
Across the billowed snow,
They speed until they're backed,
And madly past and blow
Yes, on the parapets,
Along the parapets,
Invincible they glide,
Nor know where to abide.

THE ART OF TAKING TIPS AS ILLUSTRATED BY A NEW YORK WAITRESS

(From photographs taken by the Sunday World's photographer.)



THIS IS THE WAY SHE RECEIVES A NICKEL.



THIS DOES NOT HAPPEN EVERY DAY.



THIS LOOK IS FOR THE STINGY PATRON.



WHEN THE HEAD WAITRESS IS NOT LOOKING.

SOPHY OF A WAITRESS.

Looking, white-aproned young women who play a far more difficult role than the average New York man is very exacting and disagreeable person hour. The taking of tips is, delicate business, and is governed

derstands her patron's habits. New Yorkers are always in a great hurry and many of them are capricious and unreasonable. Now, in order to please every one and to earn as many tips as possible, which is the test of success, one must exercise the utmost tact and patience. The best patron, for example, must be received with smiles and some original remark about the weather. The exacting customer who never tips must be received with corresponding coldness. And any mistakes of the cooks in the way of small portions or cold coffee must be treated in the same spirit. The man who never tips must expect to get tough beefsteak sometimes.

"The taking of tips is an art in itself. A tip should, of course, never be taken openly, unless, of course, the head waiter is in quite another part of the room. And if the tip be ridiculously small it should be taken, of course, but the miserly patron must be made to feel his position. But, on the other hand, there are often great surprises in the shape of a bank note, and such liberality should always be rewarded with one's best smile and every evidence of pleased surprise."

NEW YORK TYPES--THE SPIELER.

DOUBTLESS one of the most distinctive of the types of New York women which have been appearing in the Sunday World for the past few weeks is the "Spieler" who is pictured on this page. If you have never been in the Tenth Ward probably you have never seen the Spieler, but everybody who knows New York has heard of her.

She may be a cousin of Chimmie Fadden. At all events she has much of his view of life, much of his vocabulary and many of his peculiar mannerisms. She acknowledges no responsibilities, and while she has none of the pleasures that would fall to her lot if she lived on the borders of Central Park, she is perfectly happy without them. She is not wearied by poverty or work; she is not oppressed by life in slumdom, and in general she is as free and careless as if she were a nymph in the forest rather than an unfortunate dweller in New York's worst district.

The Spieler is the tough girl of the district. She is bent on amusing herself, and there are few occasions on which she does not succeed. There is no time and place when it is not agreeable for the Spieler to dance. On the sidewalk, surrounded by street gamins from all quarters, she is far more at her ease than she would be on the waxed floor of a dancing-hall. The wheezy melody from a hand-organ is sufficient inspiration to start the young woman in her favorite steps. In the dance halls of the east side the Spieler has full sway. No partner is necessary, although if he be forthcoming the hilarity of the dance increases. Among a little circle of onlookers, who jeer

TYPES OF NEW YORK WOMEN.



V.—"THE SPIELER."
(From a photograph by Edgewood.)

or applaud as the fancy strikes them, the Spieler almost nightly dances herself out.

The dance by means of which the Spieler expresses herself is not one to be seen in fashionable gatherings. It consists of a series of shuffles and turns, the dancer's body being held rigid as she revolves with automatic precision quite regardless of rhythm.

JAPANESE-AMERICAN TYPE.

SHARP-EYED critics of American women have discovered a new tendency which is indeed startling to contemplate. The nervous type of face so long attributed to the American woman is gradually, it is claimed, submitting to the influence of contact with the Oriental character. Americans have

not only fancied and adopted on occasions the Japanese coiffure and the Japanese style of dress, but they are also assimilating the characteristics of the Japanese face.

That there is a foundation for this observation is sufficiently indicated by the sketches on this page, carefully made from life by a Sunday World artist. One is the definite Japanese type, almost enigmatically calm and self-contained. The other is the American type, influenced and modified by Japanese influence. The differences between the two types are marked, but the resemblances are even more striking.

The conclusion is that with the departure of the "fringe" and the superfluous ribbon bow the nervousness and sharpness of the American woman's face have disappeared. In their place are the serenity and reserve of the Oriental. It has even been noted that

the American women now hold themselves stiffly, like the Japanese, and walk with a quick little step, like women with bound feet. It may be that some of them are also cultivating immobile faces, like the Asiatics. They will not wholly succeed, but the attempt may result in a desirable modification of the former type.

MISS DE WOLFE'S SHOE FAD.

(See illustration on opposite page.)

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE, who enjoys the unique distinction of occupying a position both in society and on the stage, is responsible for an entirely new fad—the collection of old shoes with interesting histories.

Miss De Wolfe's collection embraces many very rare and curious specimens of ancient footwear. Perhaps the most interesting shoes are those which once adorned the feet of Marie Antoinette. They are of broad satin, have large silk bows on the instep, are cut low and have high heels. Marie Antoinette is said to have worn these shoes to the guillotine. They are represented in the accompanying pictures as No. 1. Venetian patterns are shown in No. 2. These are the shoes of a Venetian nobleman of the sixteenth century. The soles are almost as thick as the heels, and the leather is curiously stamped with flowers and other designs. A mass of fluffy silk covers the tops of the shoes, and there is an opening at the front of the uppers for the toes to stick out.

A ladies' slipper of the reign of Louis XV. is shown in illustration No. 3. They are made of the finest undressed kid and are gray in color. Large silver buckles ornament the instep. Miss De Wolfe admired these shoes so much that she has had an exact copy made for her own use, and wears them in the play in which she is now appearing, "A Marriage of Convenience."

The Turkish shoes represented in No. 4 are still worn by the faithful of the Ottoman Empire. They are very large and are fantastically embroidered in gold and silver. The body of the shoes is red velvet and the soles are covered with brass nails.

The little shoes in another illustration were worn by children in the sixteenth century. For many years it had been the custom of the hospitals at Ghent to distribute shoes to children on days of general rejoicing. Thus it was that they came to be known as "God's hospital shoes." They are severely simple in construction and are made on the principle of "Blucher" boots.

The "mules" shown in illustration No. 6 once belonged to the French King Louis XV. The body is made of the finest white canvas, embroidered with red and green leaves in silk. The toes are tipped with silver.

MRS. POTTER PALMER.

PROBABLY the most ambitious clubwoman in America is Mrs. Potter Palmer, who, not content with her part as the head of many "woman's movements," has long yearned to be a leader of the foremost social circles of the country. Last summer Mrs. Palmer's valiant efforts to storm Newport's citadels created much discussion, and



MRS. POTTER PALMER.
(From her best photograph.)

her ultimate success there has, it appears, definitely determined her social position in Chicago.

At present Mrs. Palmer is acting the role of leader with authority and with sufficient prestige to gratify even her own ambition.

Personally Mrs. Palmer is a more charming woman than ever and eminently fitted for the social position she so delights in filling.



DETAILS OF GLOVE BUTTONS.
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

larger element of chance than are most ames. An experienced waitress in one of "quick" lunch cafes posed for the Sunday World's photographer the other day to illustrate happenings in her day's work.

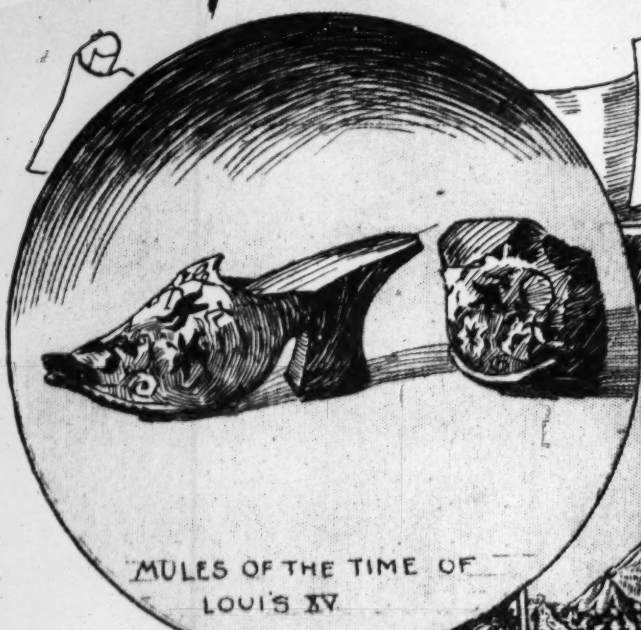
round," said the experienced waitress, "that satisfactory waiter is the one who best un-



THE PURELY JAPANESE TYPE, WHICH AMERICANS ARE COPYING.
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)



JAPANESE INFLUENCE SHOWN IN THE AMERICAN FACE.
(From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)

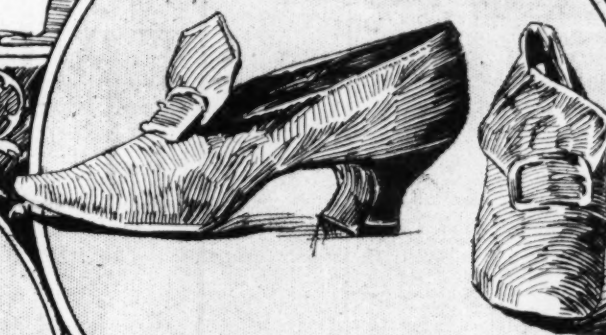


MULES OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XV

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE'S

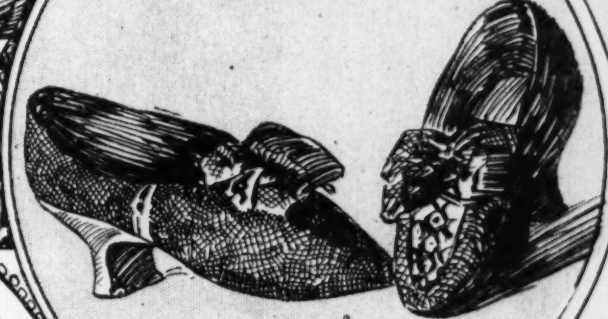


OLD TURKISH SHOES



COURT LADIES' SLIPPERS REIGN OF LOUIS XV

ODD COLLECTION OF SHOES.



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S SHOES



VENETIAN PATTERNS XVI CENTURY

QUEEN MARGUERITE'S DOUBLE.

MRS. GEORGE H. YENOWINE, wife of the well-known Louisville Journalist, and a prominent society woman, has long been noted for her remarkable resemblance to Queen Marguerite of Italy. The photograph of Mrs. Yenowine reproduced on this page, which was taken recently, corresponds almost exactly with portraits of the Queen taken some years back, when she was a younger woman. When some years ago a prominent magazine published in New York published likenesses of Queen Marguerite the many acquaintances of Mrs. Yenowine all over the country asserted their belief that she was the original of the pictures of "the most popular woman in Italy." Apart from her resemblance to Italy's queen, Mrs. Yenowine is a most queenly



MRS. G. H. YENOWINE, DOUBLE OF QUEEN MARGUERITE. (From a photograph given exclusively to the Sunday World.)

looking woman, with a carriage and presence that might easily seem royal, and an air of faultless breeding. The social position which she has held in the West and South has been of the highest, and her circle of friends extends throughout the country.

NEWEST FRENCH COAT.

Among the most recent novelties sent over from Paris is the velvet blouse coat, pictured on this page. The coat is of a deep sapphire blue velvet, tightly fitting in back and gracefully bagging in front. It is of the very latest cut, and would be becoming to almost any style of figure.

The most distinguishing mark of the coat, however, is the fact that it is embroidered in jewels, a fancy originated by some extravagant Parisian and promptly copied by hundreds of other women. Mock jewels were used in the coat pictured here, and the effect was quite as good as though the actual gems had been taken from my-lady's jewel box and hazarded on the outside of a street costume. Sapphires and diamonds were combined in an unusually pretty design, and at one side of the front the owner's coat-of-arms shone forth clearly in sapphires. The glitter of this new mode of ornamentation is not offensive to Parisian taste, and there are many velvet jackets made for January and February wear, which are an actual blaze of jewels from throat to waist. Paris women have worn these coats with street costumes. New Yorkers, it is said, will employ them only for carriage and reception wear, for which they are undoubtedly more appropriate.



MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE. (From a photograph by Aime Dupont.)

DUSE'S LATEST SUCCESS

SIGNORA DUSE'S American friends will be unanimously relieved to learn that the actress has quite recovered her health, which is, however, never of the most robust, and that she is now playing with all her former verve and vigor. As will be seen from the reproduction of her latest photograph, taken in Paris, it gives unmistakable evidence of the strength of her recent severe illness. Duse's most recent success was at Monte Carlo, where she gave a series of six performances with what has been

that such a display of amateur work had been put before the public.

The exhibition was divided into three sections—competitive, invitation and technical—each having a particular and unique attraction to the throngs which came daily.

That kodaks have travelled the world over was evidenced by the competitive section. Pictures from all quarters of the world made an instructive pictorial history for visitors.

The loan or invitation section, exhibiting photographs taken by distinguished members of European royal families, was a decided centre of attraction,

two examples reproduced here avoid the very faults to which so much modern painting is subject. Nine pictures out of ten, the work of modern artists, are, as we say, too "photographic." They lack idealization, conformity to recognized standards, and indicate a narrowness of view on the part of the artist. And it is this objectionable "photographic" quality which is absent from these art-photographs, despite the numberless restrictions under which the photographer works. All countries of the world have contributed their artistic inspiration. The most characteristic bits of European scenery have not escaped the camera of the tireless "art-photographer," and the result is cosmopolitan to a remarkable degree.

Among the royal photographers who contributed to the exhibition are the Duchess of Fife, the Princess of Battenberg, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York. Prince and Princess Carl of Denmark figure in a number of the photographs, as does also the Czar of Russia.

To New Yorkers one of the most interesting photographs is that of Count de Castellane, taken by the Countess, his wife. The scene is on a French transatlantic liner. The big steamer is slowly threading its way through the devious canals of Havre's harbor.

clear in outline and rich in contrasted color. Some of her illustrations, other hand, possess all the merit of minute delineation. Miss Smith comes from an excellent Philadelphia family, in which city she received her art training, w

MISS SMITH, POSTER ARTIST

MISS CURTIS WAGNER SMITH is an interesting Philadelphia girl, who perhaps, Ethel Reed, is the most clever of a poster artists in America. She first came into through a series of posters issued by the Philad Press to announce its special Sunday features, a number of posters done by her for the Lipp Publishing Company attracted much attention, other of her posters for the Drexel-Biddle-B Company. Miss Smith's work is, as a rule, clear in outline and rich in contrasted color. Some of her illustrations, other hand, possess all the merit of minute delineation. Miss Smith comes from an excellent Philadelphia family, in which city she received her art training, w



MME. ELEONORA DUSE. (From her most recent photograph, just sent to this country.)

exception of a few months in New York and Paris. She is quite young, a wide field in which to advance. It is not yet filled, by any means—a fact deserves the respectful attention of young persons who are looking at promising "careers."

MOST ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



VELVET COAT, EMBROIDERED IN JEWELS. (From a sketch by a Sunday World artist.)



"MEDITATION." (From a photograph by Charles I. Berg.)

called "prodigious success." On the first night she played "La Dame Aux Camellias," and was recalled several times at the end of each act. The most conspicuous success of the week, however, attended "La Secunda Moglie," a play unknown up to the time of this performance. The star role afforded tremendous opportunities to Signora Duse, whose emotional intensity was never more effectively employed. The results of the Monte Carlo experiment are very encouraging for the remainder of the winter's engagements.

WHAT THE KODAK CAN DO.

An exhibition which has attracted widespread attention is that recently given by the Eastman Company at the National Academy of Design. It was the first time in the history of New York

while devotees of camera work carefully studied the technical side of the exhibit.

The reproductions made here are from two of the most artistic specimens of amateur photography shown in the exhibition. The results shown here would have seemed miracles to the photographer of twenty-five years back.

Formerly success was thought to be achieved if the finished photograph amounted to a bare, cold statement of facts. Now it has come about that the photograph may have many of the characteristics of painting and remain wonderfully true to its subject at the same time. The poetry of a bit of nature, the poignancy of an unusual face, the animation of interesting group—all these have been seized and served by the kodak with the aid of one of the most astonishing of contemporary arts. Oddly enough,



"INTERRUPTED." (From a photograph by F. H. Day.)

BITS OF CHILD LIFE

SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA



LITTLE TRILBY



PLAYING JAPANESE



G. H. HAN



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